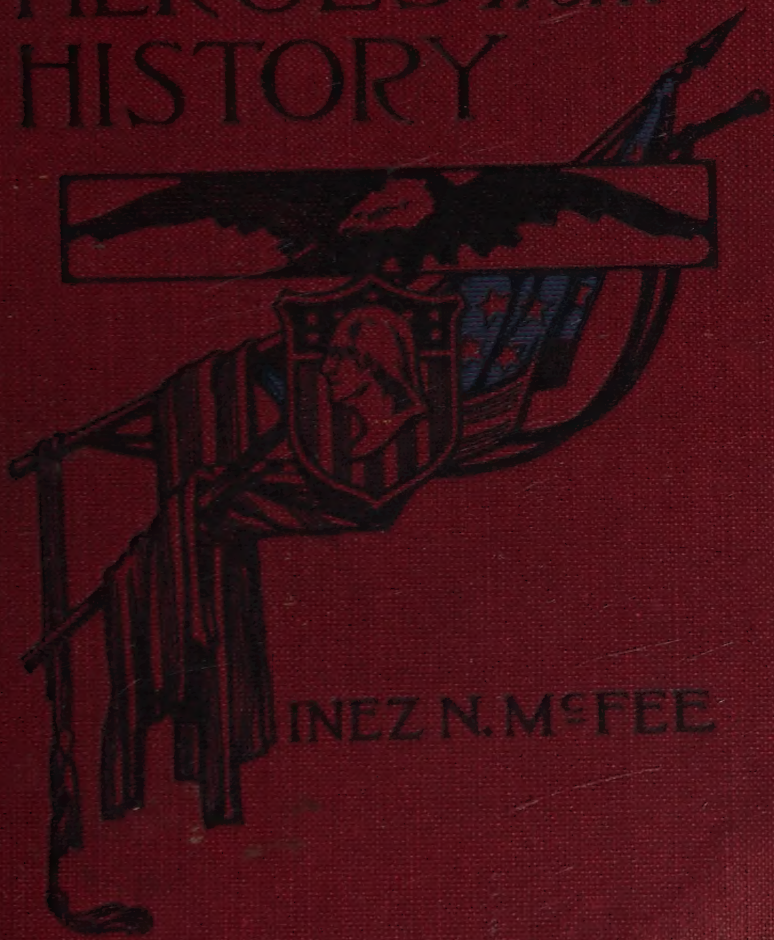
AMERICAN HEROES *from* HISTORY



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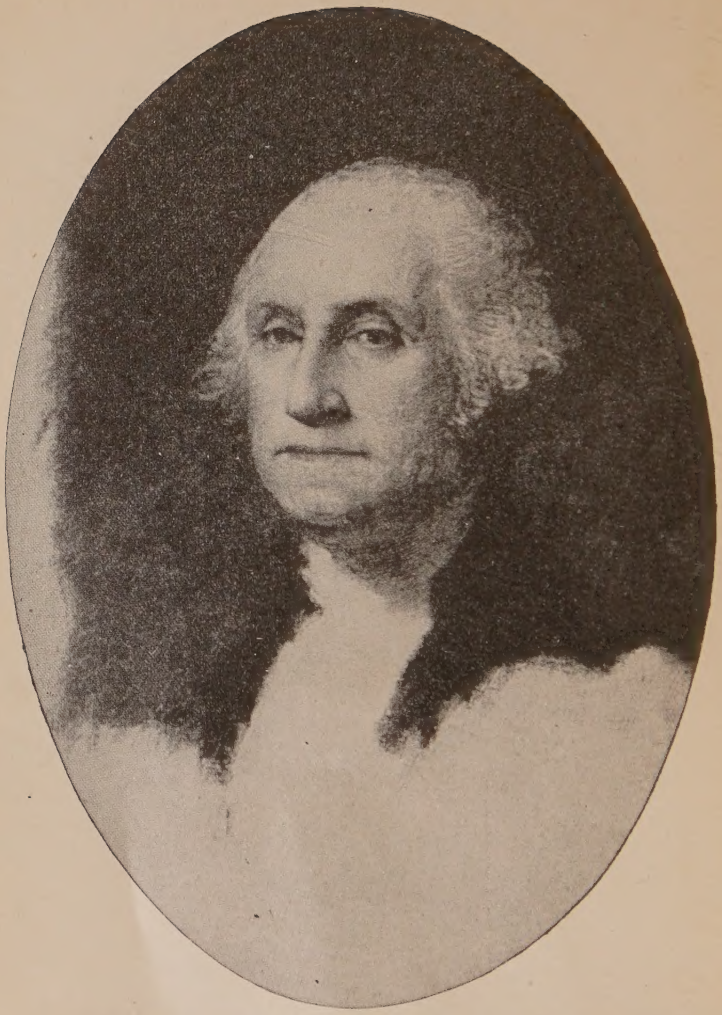


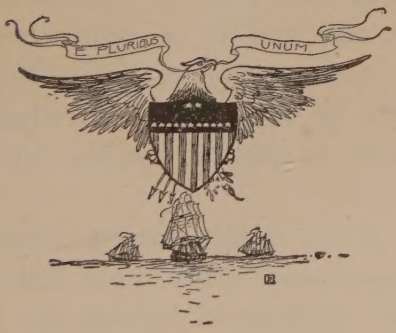
WASHINGTON, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART

AMERICAN HEROES
FROM HISTORY

BY

INEZ N. McFEE

ILLUSTRATED



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PREFACE

It will be readily conceded that the ideal education is the one by which the child is symmetrically developed, mentally, morally, and physically. That this ideal has been reached, however, to any great extent, cannot be successfully claimed. Educators hitherto have confined their attention chiefly to the mental side of instruction.

Many people deeply deplore this fact, and regret that the teaching of moral principles is so inadequately provided for in our public school curriculum. Viewed simply on its face, this is a serious defect; but when it is considered that some things may be taught indirectly quite as effectively as otherwise, the subject assumes a more cheerful aspect.

Normal children love stories; and it is the judiciously selected story which must supply a large measure of this needed instruction. Great deeds and the lives of the people who do them hold a strong fascination for the eager boy and girl; and it is the great and *good* man, and not the great and *wicked* man, who commands their admiration.

With this thought in mind, the author has grouped in this volume the life stories of eminent men who have done great things for their country and for humanity. Manifestly there is boundless opportunity for the teacher using this biographical reader to hold up these "American heroes" as illustrious examples of the power of noble principles to make people great. Hence the author trusts that the lessons of lofty patriotism, dauntless courage, noble purpose, and deathless patience and perseverance may incite more than one boy to "hitch his wagon to a star" and thus struggle upward to a good and useful if not to a famous life.

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The man that is not moved at what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind and born to be a slave.

—COWPER.

Myles Standish

AMERICAN HEROES FROM HISTORY

MYLES STANDISH, THE PURITAN SOLDIER

MANY years ago, in the early part of the seventeenth century, when Holland was trying to throw off the galling yoke of Spain, Queen Elizabeth sent a number of British soldiers over to the Netherlands to help the Dutch. Among them was one Captain Myles Standish, who was described as a brave soldier, short of stature, with fiery red hair, an equally fiery temper, and an intrepidity that nothing could quail.

Captain Standish came of a family of wealth and position, noted chiefly for its fighting qualities, although one of the Standishes was an archbishop in Henry VIII's time. The family came over in the Norman invasion, so it is easy to see why Myles loved to fight and also why he liked religious people. The Puritan hero was born at Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England, in 1584, and was less than

nineteen when he went to Holland. With him fought another adventurous Englishman, Captain John Smith, who founded Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. Surely there was work and excitement enough in those days to please almost anyone seeking adventure, and it may be well believed that Captain Standish was in the thickest of the fray. At any rate, in after years he was very fond of recounting the daring deeds performed by his fine Damascus sword* in the Netherlands.

In 1609 a truce of twelve years was declared between Spain and Holland. Instead of returning to his home in England the doughty little captain loitered about the country and finally came upon a band of his countrymen at Leyden, a little town southwest of Amsterdam. These people had fled from England some time before, where they had been severely persecuted for their religious belief. In those days nearly all countries had a certain form of worship, or an Established Church as it came to be called, and the people who did not believe in its form of worship were punished as heretics. These people that Standish met were called Separatists, or Puritans. They had been so cruelly treated that they sold their worldly goods and sailed for

* *A star in the text indicates that a note for the corresponding word and page will be found under the head of "Notes" at the back of the book.*

Holland, the only country at that time which permitted freedom of worship.

Captain Standish was much pleased with the Puritans, and tarried among them, although he did not join their church. These people were considering a plan to cross the sea and establish their religion in the new land of America. Captain Standish favored the idea. He had heard much of the new land. He knew there were Indians and bears and other wild creatures to fight over there; and, as fighting was his chief business and delight, he determined to become one of the number whenever the party was organized.

THE SWORD OF MYLES STANDISH

This was accomplished in July of 1620, when a small "advance guard" set sail from the Dutch port of Delfshaven in a little old ship called the *Speedwell*. They stopped at Southampton, England, where a party of friends joined them in a ship called the *Mayflower*. On August 5 both vessels set sail for America. But the *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy and both ships returned to

Plymouth. Here twenty people gave up the voyage and the remainder — one hundred and two in number — on September 16, 1620, crowded into the *Mayflower* and bravely set sail once more.

THE MAYFLOWER

For nine weary weeks the sturdy Pilgrims battled with the waves. So boisterous was the sea that it seemed as if all must find a watery grave. But there was at least one among the number who did not despair. The doughty little Captain Standish made up in courage what he lacked in stature. Clad in "doublet and hose and boots of Cordovan leather" he strode the deck with his broad shoulders thrown back in martial fashion — his eyes alight with hope and enthusiasm — or in the cabin below sought to cheer the fainting heart of some fear-smitten comrade. Many a voyager found courage in the hearty confidence which shone in the kindly nut-brown face half-hidden by a huge russet beard.

At last the sandy shores of Cape Cod were

sighted and great joy prevailed on board. But the people had no legal right to settle there. Their grant of land — obtained from the London Company* — lay far to the southward. So the ship was turned in that direction; but they could not go on. A furious storm beat them back, and they were forced to seek shelter at the end of Cape Cod, in what became known later as Provincetown harbor.

Here Captain Standish, with sixteen brave men, landed and marched along the shore looking for a suitable location for a settlement. In one place they found the earth freshly disturbed. Digging here, they were delighted to find several baskets filled with Indian corn. They had often heard of this corn, but never before had seen it. They took enough seed with them to plant in the spring, and paid for it later, when the rightful owners had been found.

Captain Standish and his men, not finding any desirable place, returned to the ship and got a boat, as they did not think it best to proceed far on foot. This time they found some Indian wigwams neatly covered and lined with mats, but they saw no Indians. Neither did they find a good location for a settlement. Again Captain Standish and his men set out. It was now December, and so cold that

the spray froze to the men's garments as they rowed. The nights were spent on shore behind a barricade of logs and boughs, in case the Indians should attack them.

One morning, while some of the men prepared breakfast, the others loaded the boat with their blankets, guns, and provisions, so as to be ready to start the moment breakfast was over. As they sat at their meal of fish, clam broth, and dry bread, a terrible and unearthly yell suddenly smote their ears. It was the war-whoop of the Indians, and in a twinkling a rain of arrows fell in their midst. Captain Standish and his comrades ran for the boat. The Indians thought they were fleeing for their lives and rushed after them pell-mell, yelling like demons. But the order of things was soon changed. When once the white men got hold of their guns, they fired a volley which sent the frightened savages tumbling over each other in the opposite direction, and they soon disappeared from sight.

The men then proceeded on their journey, and at length came to a place which John Smith — when he explored that region — had called Plymouth. Here they found running brooks of fresh water and a good harbor where the *Mayflower* might safely

THE LANDING OF MYLES STANDISH

anchor. This place had once been the site of an Indian village, but the tribe had died of a pestilence some three or four years before. Their cornfields stood idly awaiting tillage, and the deserted settlement seemed to hold out inviting arms to the weary home seekers.

The little band of Pilgrims* hurried back for their waiting comrades, and soon the founding of Plymouth was begun. The real landing was made December 21, 1620, which date is now celebrated as Forefathers' Day. Rude houses of rough logs, with oiled paper instead of window glass, were hastily put up and made as comfortable as possible. But the weather was bitterly cold and the sufferings of the people were intense. Exposure, poor food, and lack of warm clothing brought on terrible sicknesses. Many of the people died, and first among them was Captain Standish's beautiful young wife, Rose; but he kept up bravely and went among his sick and dying neighbors "with a hand as gentle as a woman's," doing all that he could to lighten their sufferings. When spring came fifty-one of the colonists were in their graves, but the survivors stood firm, and, with a high courage and faith in God, set about carving out homes for themselves in the wilderness of the new world.

Since their taste of the white men's firearms the Indians had been afraid to attack Plymouth. This was well, for many times in that first distressful winter there had not been able-bodied men enough to make more than a show of defense. In the

SAMOSET IN STREET OF PLYMOUTH

spring a chief from a tribe farther east came to visit the Indians near Plymouth. He had often seen and talked with Englishmen. He told his brothers that he was not afraid to visit the homes

of the white men. Therefore, on the following morning, he walked boldly into the little town and astonished the people by exclaiming, "Welcome, Englishmen!" in their own tongue.

The Pilgrims treated him kindly and the chief, Samoset, was greatly pleased. In a few days he came again, bringing with him an Indian named Squanto, who was still more accomplished in speaking English. Indeed, Squanto was a noted personage. He had formerly lived at Plymouth, and was one of the Indians whom Captain Hunt had carried away to Spain. From Spain he had been taken to England, and then brought back to his native land. But here sorrow and disappointment awaited him. His friends were all dead, and his native village lay a desolate waste before him. He was, therefore, more than glad to see signs of life again at Plymouth, and made himself so useful and friendly to the Pilgrims that they asked him to come and live with them.

This Squanto was delighted to do. He taught the settlers how to hunt and fish.* He knew where the best game was to be found, and could always tread eels out of the mud if no other fish were to be had. He showed the Englishmen how to plant corn as the Indians did, by putting a small

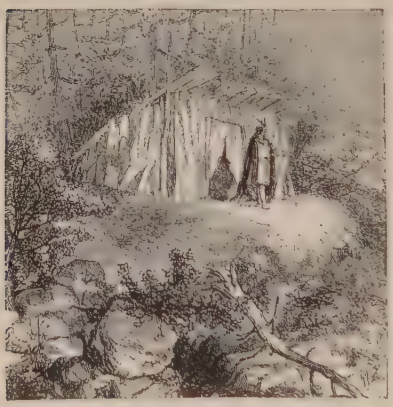
fish or two in every hill for fertilizer, and then watching the fields for a few days to see that the wolves did not dig up the fish. He kept his Indian kin in wholesome fear of the whites by boasting of their wonderful power. He told them that the Pilgrims kept the pestilence chained in the cellars of their houses, side by side with the fire-belching, man-slaying gunpowder, and that the palefaces' guns never spoke in vain.

Massasoit — the chief of Squanto's tribe — did not quite believe all of this. So he brought several men with him and came to visit the Englishmen. The Pilgrims received them with great pomp and ceremony, but they were careful not to let the Indians get much chance to pry into things. The visitors were taken to the largest house in the village, and then Captain Standish and his men, with trumpets blowing and drums beating, escorted Governor Carver into their presence.

The great white chief made them welcome in his kindly fashion, while Captain Standish — rigged out in all the military splendor he could summon on short notice — kept them in a respectful attitude, and carefully did what he could to strengthen the fear which Squanto said lurked in their hearts. Massasoit was greatly pleased with the little visit,

and went away promising eternal friendship to the Pilgrims. Shortly afterward Governor Carver further cemented the friendship by sending the great chief a red coat and a copper chain. Subsequently a treaty of peace was made which was not broken for fifty-four years.

Gradually, as time wore on, the Indians in the surrounding region began to be much afraid of Captain Standish. "Little chief, but heap big fight!" was their verdict of him. One chief, in a neighboring tribe, more bold than his neighbors, threatened to kill Squanto* and make trouble for the Pilgrims. It really was Squanto's fault, for he was often deceitful to the Indians by keeping back the presents sent to them, and by trying to make himself of too much importance; but Captain Standish promptly marched his men to the unfriendly chief's village and surrounded his tent. After firing a volley of musketry heavy enough to



THE CAMP OF MASSASOIT

subdue the band, and wounding three of the savages, who escaped, Captain Standish and his men marched triumphantly back to Plymouth.

Upon another occasion, the Narragansett chief, who was a bitter enemy of Massasoit and ruler of a larger and fiercer tribe than he, sent a bundle of arrows tied up in a snake's skin to Plymouth. This signified that his tribe intended to make war on the Pilgrims. Captain Standish promptly returned the skin filled with powder and shot. This meant, "If you shoot arrows at us, we will kill you with firearms." The hint was enough for the present, but did not prevent trouble later on.

Other settlements along the coast were continually being attacked by the Indians. A dreadful massacre had taken place in Virginia, and the Pilgrims feared that their turn might come at any moment. Captain Standish drilled his men daily, and a careful watch was kept at night. The men carried their guns to church, and a howitzer* was mounted upon the roof of the meeting-house.

Perhaps the fact that the Pilgrims were so well prepared, and that this was thoroughly understood among the savages, saved them. Anyway, the town of Plymouth was not molested for many years. Not, indeed, until the time of the Pequot

War, long after the death of Massasoit. Captain Standish, however, was forced to be continually on the watch.

In 1622, a merchant named Weston, who had loaned the Pilgrims money to equip the *Mayflower,* came over from London and founded a colony not far from Plymouth at a place now called Weymouth. The planting of this colony proved to be a very unfortunate affair for the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and caused them no end of trouble. These people were very different from their neighbors. They were idle and shiftless and dishonest. They did not seem to be able to help themselves, but stole food and furs from the Indians, and also lied to them about the people of Plymouth. Thus by their evil doings they made the Indians their enemies, and made them suspicious and unfriendly to Plymouth colony as well.

One day a messenger from the friendly Massasoit came hurrying to Plymouth with the news that a plan was on foot to massacre the people of Weymouth and Plymouth, and he advised the Pilgrims to send Captain Standish to fall upon the leaders without delay and kill them before they had a chance to carry out their cruel intention.

The doughty captain snatched his sword and

THE PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH

scabbard from the wall and was soon marching northward with ten picked men. After going three days through swamp and forest and along the seashore, they came to the Indian encampment. Here were gathered the mighty braves of the tribe. Mightiest among them all were the great chiefs Pecksuot and Wattawamat. They advanced at once with smiles upon their crafty faces and death in their hearts. "Welcome, Englishmen!" they cordially cried, then proceeded to flatter and parley with Standish, pretending to believe that he had come to them upon a trading expedition. And Captain Standish matched his wit with theirs.

Finally the chiefs grew sneeringly bold and taunting. They thought that Standish was not to be feared with only *ten* men behind him. They asked him to trade them some of the powder and muskets which he had hidden beneath the plague in his cellar. Standish laughingly told them that he would trade them the Bible instead. They then pretended to be very angry.

Chief Wattawamat jerked his sharp knife from its wampum scabbard, and whetted the blade on his hand. "This is a good knife," said he. "I have killed many Englishmen with it." Then Pecksuot sneeringly drew his knife half-way into sight and

patted it affectionately. "By and by it shall see," he said. "It shall eat, but it shall speak not. The white men say you are a great Captain. But you are only a little man. Behold! I am not a great chief, but I am brave and strong."

This was too much for Captain Standish. He leaped headlong at the boaster, snatched the knife from its scabbard and plunged it into its owner's traitorous heart. Pecksuot reeled backward and fell with his fierce, painted face turned to the sky.

On the instant a dreadful war-whoop rose on every side, while a shower of arrows fell on the Pilgrim band. But these men were fashioned after the heart of their dauntless Captain. Quickly they sent back their answer in a great cloud of smoke. The great Wattawamat fell with a bullet in his brain, and all of the howling, shrieking mass of his followers who could run, raced off into the forest. So ended the crafty scheme to massacre the people of Weymouth and Plymouth.

But the "stabbers," as the Indians now dubbed Standish and his sturdy little band, did not go back to Plymouth at once. Their neighbors had need of their valiant courage and steady hands, controlled by the quick, hot tempers behind them. So they wandered here and there, giving aid to the settlers,

until the very name of Myles Standish and his soldiers made the savages everywhere shudder with fear. However, this was the last hard fighting the fearless little captain did for the settlers.

Captain Standish was a very useful man in that struggling Puritan community, for it does not seem possible that the people could ever have persisted in their efforts to found a home in the new world if he had not been a bulwark between them and the hostile Indians. Indeed, it seemed as though he had been ordained by Providence to be their guardian angel.

Yet, strange as it may seem, much of Captain Standish's fame is due to the fact that Longfellow wrote a beautiful poem about him which he called "The Courtship of Myles Standish." Unfortunately the foundation for this charming story is very shadowy. Although it is claimed to have been carefully handed down by the Alden family, of which the poet was a descendant, it was never published until 1814.

The story runs in this wise: Shortly after the death of Captain Standish's lovely young wife, the sturdy soldier's eyes fell admiringly on Priscilla Mullin, a sweet and charming young girl, who had been left entirely alone by the death of her father.

While the Captain had small fear of Indians or other perils, he lacked the courage to ask Priscilla to be his wife. Instead, he begged his friend, John Alden, to plead his cause for him. As John was in love with the fair lady himself, he did not like the idea of serving as proxy for another man, but he most manfully did his duty. Priscilla did not favor the Captain's suit, but she did favor John's. So she replied, shyly: "Prithee, why dost thou not speak for thyself, John?" In this way John Alden won his bride.

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

The tradition also claims that Captain Standish was so enraged at John for marrying Priscilla that he never forgave him. This at least can not be true, because the Standish and Alden families were always good friends and neighbors in the town of

Duxbury, which Myles Standish founded in 1629.

Captain Standish was not inconsolable at the loss of Priscilla, for in the same year he married a young girl who came over from England and lived happily. He died in Duxbury in 1656, and here, nearly two hundred years later, the people of Massachusetts, mindful of the debt their Pilgrim ancestors owed to the heroic little captain, erected a lofty monument to his memory.

BACON PLEADING WITH BERKELEY FOR PERMISSION TO LEAD THE TROOPS

NATHANIEL BACON, THE FIRST AMERICAN REBEL

The year 1676 was a severe one for the people in the young colony of Virginia. Their Governor, Sir William Berkeley, was a cruel, selfish man. He ruled the colony entirely in his own interests, keeping his subjects in deep poverty by unjust taxes and wresting a large, illegal profit from the fur trade with the Indians. The Legislature, or Governor's Council, was composed of friends of his own, and thus the people had no recourse. To add to their troubles, the Indians began to molest the settlers along the frontier. Their fields were laid waste, their servants killed, and their stock driven off and slaughtered; but the Governor would not lift a hand to protect them, for fear of losing his profitable fur trade!

The year of 1676 was the time of King Philip's War in New England, and reports of the horrible massacres were continually reaching Virginia. The Susquehanna Indians and other tribes were finally aroused to a dangerous pitch, and many of the

people along the frontier were put to death. Still the Governor refused to do anything to protect the settlers. At last they took matters into their own hands and formed a company about three hundred strong. But the wicked old Governor refused to commission anyone to take command of the troops, or to allow them to go against the savages!

There was in the colony a certain young lawyer named Nathaniel Bacon,* who had come from England several years before. He was a man of wealth and education and had purchased a large plantation about twenty miles below Richmond, not far from the Indian frontier. Having himself met with heavy losses at the hands of the savages, he went to Governor Berkeley and begged to be allowed to lead the troops. But the Governor would not consent, saying that it was best not to excite the Indians further, and that their outbreak would soon cease.

The people, however, knew better. In despair they asked Bacon to defy the Governor. But he was not willing to do this. However, he went to visit the camp of the little band of volunteers, who unanimously begged him to become their leader. Under the influence of their enthusiasm, he accepted the command, and the little army set out at once for

the Indian encampments along the Roanoke River.

Governor Berkeley frothed and fumed, and at last organized a party of friends and started after Bacon, declaring that he would hang him for going to war without orders. But they did not find him; for Bacon and his volunteers were in the midst of a lively skirmish with the Indians, and hither Berkeley and his followers dared not venture. When the Governor got back to Jamestown, he was met with a deputation from the lower coast settlements. They told him they supported Bacon, and demanded that a new Legislature be chosen which should really represent the people. Berkeley was frightened. He saw that he would have to yield in appearance at least. So he promised that a new Legislature should be called at once.

By and by Bacon and his men came marching home. They had routed the Indians, and for the present felt that the colony was safe. Bacon's enthusiastic friends elected him a member of the Legislature, and when the time came for him to take his seat, forty of them went down to Jamestown with him in a sloop. The Governor knew of their coming and with the help of two boats and a ship managed to capture the sloop. But when Bacon reached Jamestown Berkeley dared not

carry out the revenge he had planned. The angry people were up in arms for their leader, and he was forced to let the young man take his place in the Legislature.

But that night Bacon was warned that a warrant was out to seize him the next day, and that the roads and rivers were even then guarded to prevent his escape. Nathaniel Bacon was not the man to be taken easily. He mounted a horse and rode away across country in the darkness, until he had put many miles between himself and his enemies and had reached the home of friends and safety.

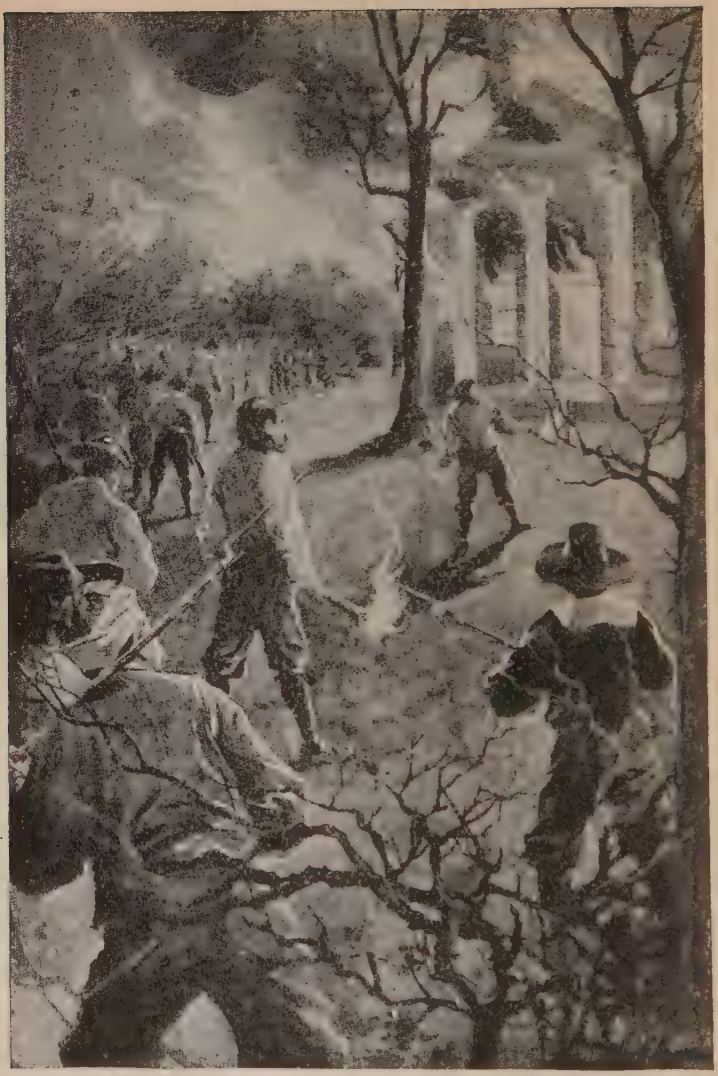
In the morning, when the Governor's men went to drag Bacon from the house where he had stayed, they were both astonished and chagrined to find him gone. While they raged and searched, the angry friends of Bacon gathered in a mob — five hundred strong — vowing to kill the Governor and all his friends. A guard was hastily dispatched for Bacon, and he hurried back to Jamestown to control the infuriated frontiersmen. Berkeley now found himself in the position where he had hoped to force Bacon. He had not wit enough to escape, and Bacon forced him to sign a commission appointing him Major-General. He also made the Legislature pass laws for the relief of the suffering people.

These laws were known as "Bacon's Laws," and stood as a monument to the young hero long after he had passed away.

While Bacon and his friends wrestled with the Governor and the Legislature, the Indians sneaked down upon a little village about twenty miles north of Jamestown and murdered the people in cold blood. General Bacon at once set out for the Indian country; but, just as he was leaving the last town on the frontier, a messenger came riding up saying the Governor was raising troops, intending to capture Bacon on his return! The General promptly turned his army, and set out on the double-quick march for Jamestown.

But he need not have troubled himself. When the militia found they had been called out to capture Bacon instead of to fight Indians, they turned, as one man, and left the field. The old Governor fainted with anger and mortification, and was forced to flee across the Chesapeake for safety.

Upon his arrival, Bacon, at the desire of the people, took charge of the government. He was now between two enemies. The Indians, however, seemed the most insistent. For, the moment his back was turned, they had again rushed down upon the unprotected people along the frontier. He, there-



THE BURNING OF JAMESTOWN

fore, set out at once for their relief. For many days the brave young General and his valiant band fought and chased the Indians. Then they turned homeward, confident that the savages had tasted enough powder to satisfy their war appetite for many months.

When they reached the frontier settlements again, they learned that Governor Berkeley had, in some way, managed to get possession of Jamestown. Bacon had already disbanded his men, and all but one hundred and thirty-six of them had set out for their own homes when he learned of the Governor's action. The remnant of his army, however, footsore and hungry as they were, were more than willing to attack Berkeley, whom all regarded as a common enemy.

"On to Jamestown!" was the cry from every throat. They set out at such speed and pushed onward with such untiring vigor that they were rounding the narrow neck of sand which connected Jamestown with the mainland before the Governor heard of their intentions.

Under cover of the silence and darkness of night, Bacon and his men threw up intrenchments about the town and shut in the Governor and his people.* Bacon's army was now increased daily by

fresh recruits. Men from all over the colony flocked to his aid. They were determined to subdue the Governor and force him to recognize the rights of the people. Finally Berkeley and his men slipped away down the bay in their vessels; and Bacon let them go. But he resolved to make it impossible for the Governor ever again to find harbor in Jamestown. He ordered the town* to be burned to the ground.

Nearly all of the colony of Virginia was now in open rebellion. The people warmly seconded the efforts of their brave General, and an effort was made to restore the shattered government to order. A new Legislature was formed, with Bacon at its head; but, in the midst of his successes, Bacon sickened and died. He had endured too many hardships for the cause of his country.

It was a bitter blow to the people. There was no one else in the colony who could take his place. They knew that Berkeley would soon get control again and that matters would be even worse than before. Surely enough, the old Governor was soon back in office, with the reins of government held tightly in his revengeful hands, and he spared neither whip nor spur. Twenty-two of Bacon's most influential friends were hanged, and there

were fines and imprisonments without number.

A cry of horror and protest rose from the suffering people. It reached even to the King's ears, and Charles II, himself a vain, selfish man, was disgusted. "Why, that old fool," said he, "has killed more men in that poor country than I did for the murder of my father!" He sent for Berkeley to come home at once, and there, rebuked by King and people, the disgraced, disappointed old man soon died, broken-hearted.

But Nathaniel Bacon and his friends — who instituted the first "Great Rebellion" in America, and who gave up their lives just one hundred years before the Revolution—did not die in vain. The Governors who succeeded Berkeley, mindful of these men, were careful not to oppress the people too much, lest another Bacon rise up to right their wrongs.

WASHINGTON, THE COLONIAL COLONEL

GEORGE WASHINGTON—THE GREAT AMERICAN PATRIOT

When the Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, in May, 1775, it faced a very difficult proposition, for blood had been shed at Lexington, Fort Ticonderoga had been captured, and the war with England begun in earnest. Already a small Continental army had been organized; but more men must be called out, money raised to equip them, and a commander-in-chief chosen.

The easiest part of the problem was selecting a leader for the army, because Congress and the people with one voice called for Washington. John Bell, of Maryland, wrote that it was Washington's peculiar glory that, in all the States, no one but the great patriot himself disapproved the choice.*

And why did the people turn so confidently to Washington in their hour of need? Simply because they recognized in him a great leader. He had won their confidence by his courage and ability in the French and Indian War. In that war he had been chosen to command the Virginia troops

and defend the frontier, because he knew the frontier and the ways of the Indians so thoroughly.

In order to learn how he acquired this knowledge we must turn to the history of his boyhood and early life, which shows that true merit was the secret of his success. Luck, which some people are so fond of quoting, had no place in the career of the Father of his Country. He won because he deserved to win; because he had acquired the mastery of himself, and therefore was able to be a leader of men.

When George Washington's mother learned of his appointment, she said: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a good boy." This, perhaps, is one secret of it all, because Washington's goodness was so large a part of his greatness.

As a boy, Washington loved to play soldier. He had learned much about army life from his brother Lawrence, who served as captain in a Colonial regiment raised to help the English in a war with the French and Spanish in the West Indies. So he drilled and disciplined his schoolmates in the old field around the schoolhouse on the Rappahannock, and always he was the commander-in-chief.

George was not a remarkably brilliant boy, and

there is no record of his having been at the head of his classes. In his early school days he learned reading, writing, and 'rithmetic — the three r's. Later he studied bookkeeping, geometry, and surveying. He had a clear head for figures, and made great progress in mathematics. He was a very

MOUNT VERNON

neat penman, but not a very good speller. Though some of the boy Washington's playmates could outstrip him in the schoolroom, he was easily their leader on the playground. None of them could throw George; neither could any outrun him, nor distance him in jumping. Many stories are told of

Washington's wonderful athletic feats when grown to manhood. His great strength and imperious nature are well illustrated by the following interesting incident given by Washington Irving in his "Life of Washington":

"A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge and viewing the collegiate buildings now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments and fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trousers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fisticuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. 'At this juncture,' writes our informant, 'Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew. I saw none of his aides with him; his black servant just behind him mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the

mêlée, seized two brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's-length, talking to and shaking them.'

"As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too, in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand, therefore, must have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serenest moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes only the two he had collared remained on the ground."

In Washington's boyhood the people went everywhere on horseback. George was not afraid to get astride the wildest animal on his father's plantation, and he had quite a local reputation as a horse trainer. He was very fond of horses all his life, and at Mount Vernon it was his custom to spend a part of every day in the saddle, going the rounds of his estates, "visiting the outposts," as he termed it, in his military way. The sight of Washington on horseback always roused the ragged Continentals to enthusiasm, because he sat his horse so well,

and presented such a superb and graceful figure. Jefferson claimed that "Washington was the best horseman of his age."

When Washington was eleven years of age his father died, and he was left to the guardianship of his mother. Mary Washington was a wonderful woman; so, perhaps, it is not remarkable that her son should become a wonderful man. She took pains to bring him up with the noblest and most manly ideas, and with the manners and instincts of a gentleman. She instilled in his mind a reverence for religion and an unswerving rectitude of purpose. The strictness and sternness in his make-up were inherited, no doubt, from his mother's Puritan ancestors. She ever ruled her household with an iron will.

One quality of the boy Washington which deserves especial mention was his justness. All his schoolmates brought their quarrels to him for settlement, because they were always sure of an impartial decision. Thus Washington laid the foundation for the wise legislator he afterward became.

George Washington left school at the age of sixteen. "In these days," says Parsons, "many a boy of twelve knows more of books and the world than Washington did at sixteen. His reading was lim-

ited in boyhood, as in later life. But in frequenting the fields and woods he had gained a fund of information that was afterward to be of great value to him as a farmer and as a soldier. At that early age he was familiar with the routine of plantation life and work. He knew all about taking care of stock, breaking horses, mending fences, and other useful things. He was a good shot with the rifle, and was fond of hunting." These qualifications all stood him in good stead later in life.

When Washington was in his sixteenth year he went to Mount Vernon to live with his elder brother, Lawrence, a gentleman of rare culture and nobility of character. Here he continued his studies in mathematics and his practice of surveying. His brother had married Anne, a daughter of Sir William Fairfax, who for some years had been manager of the vast estates of his cousin, Lord Thomas Fairfax, in America. At "Belvoir," a few miles below Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, he lived in the lavish style of a true English country gentleman. Washington, as the friend of young George Fairfax, was a welcome guest at Belvoir. Here it was that Washington first met Lord Thomas Fairfax, who became one of his earliest and most valued friends and was also his first patron.

Lord Fairfax owned immense estates in northern Virginia, which he decided to have surveyed previous to opening them for settlement. Having taken a great liking to young George, and noting his interest in surveying, he employed him to survey some of this wild land.

At this time Washington was just sixteen. He set out at once in company with his friend, George Fairfax, from Greenaway Court, the hunting lodge Lord Fairfax had built in the forest. Together they threaded the mazes of the wilderness, crossing rugged mountains, swimming their horses through swollen streams, and sleeping sometimes in the rough straw beds of the settlers, covered with a ragged blanket or a bearskin; or more often stretched upon a bed of hay beside their camp-fire.

Young Washington must have studied his books on surveying very carefully, for he performed his difficult task in about four weeks' time, to the entire satisfaction of his employer, and, in so doing, made a name for himself as a surveyor. Others soon wanted his services, and thus the young man busied himself for the next three years. He soon became accustomed to the rough life of the woods. "It was a good school for a soldier," says Eggleston. "Every man was his own cook, toasting his meat

on a forked stick, and eating it off a chip instead of a plate." The industrious young man found the work quite profitable, as he says he made a doubloon a day, and sometimes six pistoles.*

George Washington was prudent also. He invested his savings carefully in land. The work of surveying gave him an opportunity to see the

GREENAWAY COURT

country, and he was able to buy many a choice tract at a very low price. For, in those days, land was more plentiful than money. "Thus," says Parsons, "Washington, by industry, economy, and foresight, laid the foundation for his career of

prosperity as a farmer and public man. But strenuous endeavor and business judgment do not account for the high degree of success that he obtained. He had given attention to character-building as something important, as well as getting on in the world," as may be seen in the rules of conduct which Washington fashioned when but a boy, and which were remodeled and added to from time to time, as the occasion arose.

When Washington was nineteen years of age, through the influence of his brother Lawrence, he received the appointment of Adjutant-General, with the rank of Major. His duties were "to inspect and exercise the militia in preparation for an expected campaign against the French on the Ohio River." Washington gave up surveying and set about learning the art of war in a business-like fashion. He took lessons in military drill from an old soldier, and practiced fencing under the instruction of a Dutchman named Van Bram.

Lawrence Washington then fell ill, and was ordered to the island of Barbados, in the West Indies, for a change of climate. His brother George accompanied him. This trip was of inestimable value to the young officer. For several months he was associated daily with cultured gentlemen of wis-

dom and experience. He became familiar with the usages of good society and stored away in his serious mind a fund of practical knowledge and historical facts. In the Journal which he kept at this time he set down a vast amount of information about the island of Barbados, as well as all sorts of miscellaneous odds and ends, showing that his eyes were open to the world about him, and that he was capable of absorbing the lessons it had to teach.

In the summer of 1752 Lawrence Washington returned home to die. About this time American affairs had reached a crisis. Trouble with France had long been brewing. The French had colonies in Canada and Louisiana. They likewise claimed the country west of the Allegheny Mountains. To this territory the English also laid claim, and many of the colonists had already crossed the mountains and begun to settle in the rich lands of the Ohio Valley. In order to keep out these English settlers, the French had built a series of forts along the west side of the mountains, and had also stirred up the Indians against them. It was evident that something must be done at once. So the Governor of Virginia decided to send a letter to the French commander warning him that they

were on English ground, and chose Washington as his messenger.

Washington received the commission October 30, 1753, and with his guide and attendants set out at once. After a fierce struggle with swollen streams, rough mountains, and dense wildernesses, they came to a settlement on the Ohio River called Log-town. Here Washington met a party of Indian chiefs from neighboring tribes and had a long talk with them. They were suspicious of the English as well as of the French, and the best Washington could do was to persuade Chief Half-king and some others to go with him to visit the French.

Washington and his party were received very politely by the Frenchmen, but they were perfectly frank with him. They told him firmly that the country belonged to the French, and that they would hold it by force, if need be; and would also imprison any Englishman found trading upon the waters of the Ohio, or its branches. Furthermore, they made no secret of giving whisky to Half-king and his Indians, trying to persuade them to leave Washington. His mission having been completed, the young Major managed to get clear of the French fort with the Indians still outwardly his friends, and started on his homeward journey.

THE BATTLE OF GREAT MEADOWS

After many perils and hardships, Washington arrived in Williamsburg on the 16th of January, 1754, and at once waited upon the Governor with a letter from the French commandant and an account of his journey. Shortly afterwards his Journal of the proceedings was published, and widely read throughout the colonies. It made Washington's name known and respected, both at home and abroad. People admired the modest way in which he referred to his own deeds and adventures, and saw at once that it had taken considerable valor and diplomacy to accomplish the mission.

The Journal also made it clear to the Colonists that the French could not be driven from the disputed territory without arms. Few of the people were interested enough to go to war. Yet they did not really like the idea of being penned into a narrow strip of land between the mountains and the sea. Virginia was more greatly concerned in the matter than the other colonies, and Governor Dinwiddie determined to send an armed force to take possession of the Ohio Valley. On the advice of Washington, a small company of frontiersmen, under Captain Trent, was hurried forward at once to build a fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers; but the French drove

them away, and planted a fort of their own on the spot. This they called Fort Duquesne. The city of Pittsburg now stands on its historic site.

In the meantime Major Washington, who commanded the second company of volunteers, hurried forward into the Western wilderness. Here he found himself entirely outnumbered by the French. He did not turn back, however, but whirled fiercely upon a party of French soldiers who were dogging his footsteps, surrounded them in the night, and took twenty-one prisoners. The leader, Jumonville, and ten of his men were killed. This act greatly angered the French, who claimed that it was nothing more than common butchery, and vowed to be revenged.

Washington saw that he must retreat or be captured, so he fell back to a place called Great Meadows, where a barricade they named Fort Necessity was hastily constructed. With supplies and ammunition nearly gone, matters were at a sorry issue when the French burst upon them. Washington held the fort for one day; then, knowing himself unable to continue the fight, surrendered with the honors of war, and was allowed to march back to the settlements. Though the expedition ended in defeat and failure, no one blamed

Washington, because everybody felt that he had done all that could be done under the circumstances.

This expedition was really the beginning of a great war between France and England. The next year troops came over from England, the mother country, to drive the French from Fort Duquesne. Their commander, General Braddock, was a brave man, but he was foolhardy and obstinate. He had been used only to the civilized countries of Europe, with their good roads and well-drilled troops like his own. So he laughed at the lank, careless-looking frontiersmen, and treated the American officers with contempt. If things had been left to his decision, the Colonial troops would have been dismissed on the spot. Fortunately this was not done. Washington was so stung by Braddock's treatment that he resigned his commission, although later he accepted a position on the General's staff.

Rough as were the mountain roads, Braddock set out for the frontier in a coach! He kept his men well up in marching array and laughed when Washington suggested sending scouts out on either side of the line. He would accept neither advice nor assistance.

When they drew near to Fort Duquesne, Washington again asked Braddock to allow the Virginia

troops to take the lead, as they were so well used to the woods. But the old General only snorted in disdain. The result of his obstinacy was one of the most distressing episodes in Colonial history.

GENERAL BRADDOCK

As they were marching along a narrow track through the woods, July 9, 1755, the French and Indians suddenly burst upon them. "All at once," says Eggleston, "the woods rang with the wild war-cry of the Indians, like the barking of a thousand wild animals. The forest, but a minute before so silent, was alive with screaming savages. From every tree and thicket the Indians leveled their rifles at the red coats of the English, who fell like pigeons under their fire. Unable to see anybody to shoot at, the English soldiers did not know what to do. The Americans took to the trees and stumps and returned the fire in Indian

fashion, and Washington begged the General to order the British to do the same; but Braddock made them stand up in line, where they could easily be shot down."

At length the British General fell mortally wounded, and Washington took command. He bravely did his best to rally the troops and save the battle. He dashed recklessly here and there; two horses were shot from under him and four bullets pierced his coat; but his life was preserved for a greater work than saving the day of Braddock's defeat. The army, however, was too broken to be rallied and what was left of the men fled back to the settlements. Washington's conduct in this affair made him a hero everywhere. He was at once placed in command of the Virginia troops and commissioned to defend the frontier.

The war between the French and the English was not finally closed until 1763, but Washington performed no great feats in the conflict after the year 1758. Then he led the Virginia volunteers, in connection with the English General Forbes, in an attack upon Fort Duquesne. The fort was abandoned and burned, November 24, before the English reached the Ohio River. They rebuilt a fort upon its site, which they named Fort Pitt, in honor of Lord Pitt, England's great Prime Minister.

On one of his trips to confer with the Governor at Williamsburg, Washington stopped for dinner one day at the home of a hospitable planter. He was introduced to a lovely young widow, Mrs. Martha Custis. Her manners and conversation were so pleasing to Washington that he tarried until the next day, and then finally rode away, leaving his heart behind him. The young Colonel found himself unable to forget the beautiful Mrs. Custis, and soon became a most devoted lover. Their marriage took place January 6, 1759, "in good old hospitable Virginia style, amid a joyous assemblage of relatives and friends." Time proved the union to be a most happy one. The Washingtons had no children of their own, but Washington filled a father's place to his wife's two children, Martha and John. Later he adopted Mrs. Washington's grandchildren, Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis.

Washington was said to be "the largest land holder in the Old Dominion." He was also the richest man in Virginia, if not in the Colonies. Notwithstanding all this, Washington was a hard worker. He rose early and got through an amazing amount of hard work in a day. He was in the saddle much of the time and gave his personal

supervision to the work of his farms. It was his special pride and pleasure to have everything first class, and he did much toward improving the agricultural methods of his day. Mount Vernon was his favorite estate, and through all the years of his life was his beloved home.

Washington loved to hunt and to fish. He was also fond of company and kept "open house." Indeed, he frequently referred to Mount Vernon as "a well resorted tavern." He also gave largely to the poor and to charities of every sort. The drain upon his income was enormous, and had he not been such a careful man of business he would have been ruined. Like most of the Southern proprietors, Washington had considerable trouble with his slaves. Yet, he managed to keep about four thousand acres under cultivation during the last years of his life.

At one time more than five hundred negroes and laborers were employed at Mount Vernon alone. "The Mount Vernon grist-mill not only ground all the flour and the meal for the help," says Blaisdell, "but it also turned out a brand of flour which sold at a fancy price. The coopers of the place made the flour barrels, and Washington's own sloop carried the flour to market. A dozen kinds of cloth, from

AT THE WHARF ON A VIRGINIA PLANTATION

woolen and linen to bed ticking and toweling, were woven on the premises."

During the peaceful and pleasant years which Washington spent at Mount Vernon, immediately following the French and Indian War, he was still in the service of his country. As a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, he was a model legislator, always concerned for the public welfare. He was constantly serving on committees, in which his sound sense and wide knowledge of affairs were utilized in shaping the important measures of the colony.

"In the First Continental Congress (1774), to which he was a delegate, he gained a reputation for practical wisdom not surpassed by any other man in that illustrious body." He was not an orator. He was a counselor, and the few speeches he made in the Continental Congress thus carried the more weight. He never talked unless he had something to say, and once having determined upon the right course to take, he never thought of giving up. Even in the darkest moments of the Revolution, when failure stared the patriot army in the face and people were despairing all about him, Washington never lost his courage.

Small wonder, then, that the Second Continental

Congress and the people of the colonies called with one voice for Washington when a commander-in-chief for the armies was to be chosen! They knew their man. Washington had proven what he could do upon the battlefield. He was courageous, brave even to recklessness when seeking to inspire his disheartened men, and was never discouraged by failure.

When Washington assumed command of the army, beneath the elm at Cambridge, July 3, 1775, the task before him was one to appall the stoutest heart. Never was an army in sorrier plight. They were few in number, poorly fed and clothed, and entirely without discipline, for the colonies had never had the money to maintain a standing army. Moreover, there was but little powder in the country, and a scarcity of guns and artillery. Supplies were slow in coming. "But the indomitable will and sublime patience of Washington triumphed over all difficulties, and for eight months he kept the British shut up in Boston, while he trained and disciplined his army, and gathered ammunition and supplies."*

As soon as he felt strong enough, he suddenly sent an army to fortify Dorchester Heights. The men worked like beavers and in a single night

threw up breastworks, formed of dirt and bales of hay, to the great amazement of the enemy. From this stronghold they poured shells into Boston with

INDEPENDENCE HALL*

such success that it soon became too uncomfortable for the British. So they got into their ships and sailed for safer quarters. Up to this time the Americans had been fighting only to obtain their

rights as Englishmen. They wanted England to repeal the unjust taxes, and to give them representation in Parliament. They soon saw that their demands would never be granted, and determined to set up a government of their own. On July 4, 1776, the Colonies issued the Declaration of Independence, declaring themselves "free and independent." But they had yet to prove it.

The English government at once sent a fleet to take the city of New York. Washington made a brave defense, but he was forced to fall back across the Delaware River into New Jersey. Everything now looked black indeed for the patriot army. There was less than ten thousand pounds of powder in camp, and in a military sense the army was little more than a rabble. To add to the trouble, many of the officers were jealous and quarrelsome.

Then, too, Congress, which was made up largely of meddlesome politicians who thought more of their own interests than they did of the good of the country, kept interfering with Washington's plans. The Tories also were an evil factor. These were people who did not wish to separate from England; and as some of them were high officials and persons of wealth, they had it in their power to work the struggle for independence much harm.

Altogether, in those days of 1776 the patriot cause seemed at its lowest ebb; but Washington alone did not lose heart. Instead, he determined upon a daring feat to infuse new life and courage into the people. England had hired large numbers of German soldiers, or Hessians, to serve in their army.* These men were stationed at Trenton. The American army of six thousand men lay on the opposite side of the Delaware. Washington's plan had been to divide his troops into three divisions, cross the Delaware in the night, and fall upon the Hessian camp. Two of the division commanders failed to do their part and only Washington's own corps of twenty-four hundred men and twenty small pieces of artillery succeeded in crossing. The night was bitterly cold, and the river dangerously high and full of floating ice; but Colonel Glover's regiment of Marblehead fishermen rowed them safely over. However, it was three in the morning before all had crossed, and the little army was nine miles from Trenton; but through a driving storm of snow and sleet those brave Continentals and their intrepid leader pushed on and completely surprised the Hessian garrison, who were hardly awake. Washington took one thousand prisoners, and slipped back across the Delaware into Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE

The news of this victory was so glorious that the people could not believe it. To convince them, the Hessians were marched through the streets of Philadelphia, and one of their flags was sent to Baltimore to be inspected by Congress. The effect was miraculous. The discouraged country became aflame with enthusiasm. "Militia was hurried forward; the Jerseymen gathered at Morristown; money was raised; the New England troops, whose time of service had expired, were persuaded to stay six weeks longer, and December 29, 1776, Washington again entered Trenton."

This came near being a fatal step. The British General, Cornwallis, anxious to avenge the capture of the Hessians, came hurrying down from the North with eight thousand men and hemmed the Americans in between his army and the Delaware River. Arriving too late on January 2, 1777, to begin an attack, Cornwallis went to bed, boasting that he "would bag the fox in the morning." But he was mistaken in "the fox!" During the night Washington, under the feint of camp-fires brightly burning, had slipped out by an unfrequented road back of Cornwallis' army and made for Princeton, where three regiments of British regulars were stationed. Cornwallis never knew

"the fox" was gone until the next morning when he heard the firing at Princeton, where Washington had completely routed a division of his regulars. Then he had to hasten with all speed to New Brunswick to save his military stores. Washington, well satisfied, let him go and went into the hills

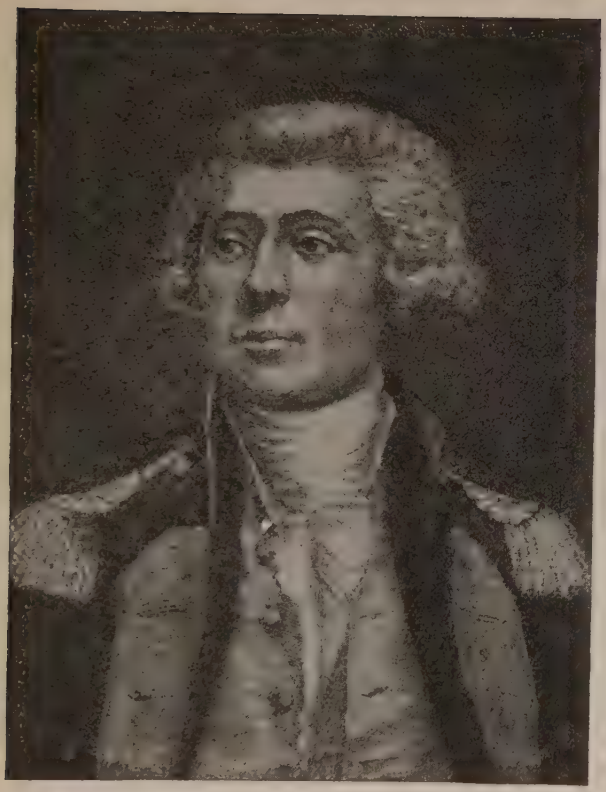
MARCHING THROUGH THE SLEET ON TRENTON

about Morristown for winter quarters. In this short campaign of three weeks, Washington had won two victories, taken two thousand prisoners, and infused new life into a defeated army.

When the news of the American victories

reached England the King and his ministry were furious. "The unhappy affair of Trenton blasted our hopes," they said; but it "saved the Revolution" and won for Washington a place among the greatest Generals of his time. People looked upon his march through the lines of the enemy as little less than a miracle, and began to realize that the man at the head of the American forces was a great and safe military leader. Furthermore, he had the most tender regard for and sympathy with his heroic men, and was "the father as well as the commander of his soldiers." He looked after their spiritual and physical welfare, trying to induce them to lead moral lives as well as to fight well, and constantly urging Congress to supply them with food and clothing. It is small wonder that his men adored him.

The war was at a standstill until late in May, when Washington moved slowly from his headquarters at Morristown into New York State. The British General, Howe, who was quartered in New York city, made no effort to stop him. He had made up his mind to capture Philadelphia, where Congress was in session, and set sail for that city as soon as Washington was well on the way. Fortunately, a letter from Howe to General Burgoyne,



THE MARQUIS OF LAFAYETTE

who was then at work near Albany, fell into Washington's hands. He learned that the British were going to try to separate the Middle and Eastern States by cutting a way through New York, and he surmised that Howe had embarked for Philadelphia. Washington at once turned about and hurried for that city, arriving August 2, 1777, slightly in advance of the troops. Here he first met the noble young Frenchman, Lafayette, who had just been commissioned a Major-General in the Continental army, having volunteered his services to the American cause without pay. It was the beginning of a lifelong and affectionate friendship between the two men.

While Washington waited for Howe, he was delighted to hear of the success of the Northern Continentals at Bennington and Oriskany,* and of the flying of our first national flag at the latter place. He had sent General Schuyler, with Morgan and Arnold, to check Burgoyne's march from Canada southward, and he felt that they were doing it thoroughly. Indeed, from the time a portion of Burgoyne's army met Colonel John Stark and the "Green Mountain Boys" at Bennington, that General's defeat was certain. Howe was at sea, no one knew just where, and was powerless

to aid him. "The whole country was up in arms," says Eggleston. "The militia, often barefoot, and sometimes in their shirt-sleeves, carrying fowling-pieces, flocked to the American standard. These men were used to hunting, and knew how to shoot.

WASHINGTON'S RAGGED CONTINENTALS

They also knew the country round about in every nook and corner. Burgoyne, on the other hand, did not know the woods, and had no scouts who knew them. Wherever he met the Americans a

desperate battle followed. He found it impossible to force his way to Albany, and the road back was also closed to him. The Americans were, in fact, all around him, and the final struggle was desperate," ending in his complete defeat.

Congress, to its shame, removed Schuyler from command just at the moment of victory; but thanks to the brave work of Arnold and Morgan, Gates — who succeeded him — was able to force Burgoyne to surrender his fine army of six thousand men at Saratoga, October 17, 1777. It was a glorious victory and covered Washington's defeat at Philadelphia. For the commander-in-chief had crippled his forces to aid the North. He had but seven thousand poorly fed, half-barefooted men, and they were no match against the flower of the British army, when Howe finally arrived. Washington was forced to retreat at Brandywine; and at Germantown, October 4, his army became confused and panic-stricken by smoke and fog, and fled almost at the moment of victory. This misfortune left Philadelphia helpless before Howe.

During the winter of 1777-78, Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, on the west bank of the Schuylkill River. The people had not yet been aroused to the full value of the victory at

WASHINGTON AND BARON STEUBEN AT VALLEY FORGE

Saratoga. Everything seemed very black indeed. The country round about had been pretty thoroughly foraged by the British. The people, tempted by British gold, carried what little produce they had to Philadelphia. The Continentals were starving. Their clothes were falling away in rags; some of them were without blankets; and they suffered beyond description in the log huts which had been hastily built for them. Many were ill and discouraged, and death and desertion rapidly thinned the ranks. As a last straw, some of the officers formed a plot to displace Washington and put Gates in command. It was called the "Conway Cabal," from its ringleader.

"Never," says Parsons, "did Washington's character appear to better advantage than when he was passing through this, the severest ordeal of his life. With dignity and self-restraint he bore up under this grievous trial, which, in addition to his other burdens, he found a heavy load to carry. The scheme failed and reacted upon its authors, while Washington found himself growing in public esteem and confidence."

But it is always the darkest just before dawn. England, influenced by Burgoyne's defeat, offered the Americans representation in Parliament, or

anything else they wanted, except independence. France, alarmed lest they accept England's offer, listened at last to the pleas of Franklin and Lafayette, and sent a fleet and a large sum of money to help the Americans to win their independence. The Dutch loaned the patriots several millions of dollars. Spain also offered friendly aid. A Prussian soldier, Baron Steuben, joined the Continental army and turned the camp into a military school. Under his discipline the soldiers became stronger than ever, and, at last, independence was sure. But England would not acknowledge it.

So the war went on with varying fortunes, which we cannot follow here, for the next two or three years. In this time the scene of the conflict had been largely transferred to the South.

General Cornwallis, who once had Washington surrounded in Trenton, had won several victories in the Southern States. But the people would not stay whipped. They rebounded like a rubber ball after each defeat. In the spring of 1781, General Greene drove the British General out of North Carolina into Virginia. Here Arnold had been ravaging the country and Lafayette trying to checkmate him. Cornwallis was in a dilemma. Greene would not let him go back to North Caro-

lina; he feared to go farther north, so he began to entrench himself at Yorktown, awaiting help from General Clinton and the British fleet.

At this juncture, Washington, who was in the North watching New York, which was occupied by British troops, made up his mind that if only he could capture Cornwallis' fine army the war would be ended. So, making every sign that he intended to attack New York, in order to keep the British from sending soldiers to aid Cornwallis, Washington slipped away at the head of two thousand American and four thousand French troops for Virginia. On the way he visited his home at Mount Vernon, which he had not seen for six years.

Leaving West Point August 19, 1781, Washington reached Yorktown September 18, making the march of four hundred miles in a month's time. In the meantime, Wayne had reinforced Lafayette with sixteen hundred men and shut Cornwallis up in his "mouse-trap." A splendid French fleet under Admiral Grasse, who had landed several thousand French troops, took up its station in front of Yorktown, and kept the British ships away. Soon Cornwallis was completely hemmed in by the French fleet and sixteen thousand men. Resistance would have been of no avail, so he surrendered, October

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

19, 1781, with seven thousand men and eighty-four cannon. This defeat so crippled the British that it was considered virtually the end of the war. While General Washington planned the brilliant campaign, the victory was very largely due to the help afforded by the French.

There was not much more actual fighting, though the British troops were not called home until nearly two years later. So long as they stayed in America, Washington urged the necessity of being always ready for battle, lest the Americans be taken unawares and lose what they had earned so dearly. The treaty of peace was signed November 3, 1783, and the last of the British troops left New York in November.

Washington took leave of his troops at Annapolis, December 23, 1783, having served eight and one-half years as commander-in-chief. While all the world was ringing with his praises, he joyfully took up his work at Mount Vernon and never intended to return again to public life. But this dearly earned rest was to be denied him. He was to be head of the state as he had been head of the army and lead it to safety. The new nation was in danger of falling to pieces. Each State was a little country by itself. The Articles of Confedera-

WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON

tion, by which they were united together, were entirely inadequate for the new conditions. Something better and stronger was needed. Accordingly, a convention was called to meet in Philadelphia five years (1787) after the close of the war. Washington was sent as one of the delegates from Virginia, and was at once made President of the convention.

The convention sat in secret for several months. At last they produced our present Constitution, binding all the States together into one country, under the rule of a President and Congress. It was at once submitted to the different States for approval, but more than a year went by before it had been accepted by a majority of the States.

When it came time to elect a President, again there was but one man for the place — Washington! He was elected by nearly all the votes cast. A messenger was sent from New York, which was then the capital of the country, to Mount Vernon to tell General Washington that the people had once more chosen him to lead them.

Washington set out for New York in April, and his entire journey was a triumphal progress. People all along the way turned out to do him homage. Little girls strewed flowers before him;

men of influence rode beside his carriage; and the towns welcomed him with public banquets. At Trenton, where Washington's genius and daring had turned the fortunes of our despairing people, the bridge over which he had passed toward Princeton on that never-to-be-forgotten night was spanned

FEDERAL HALL, OUR COUNTRY'S FIRST CAPITOL

by a beautiful arch. Girls dressed in white sang songs of victory and strewed flowers before him. At New York he was welcomed with every possible honor. He took the oath of office, April 30, 1789, standing on the balcony in front of Federal Hall, in the presence of Congress and a great multitude of people.

In the Presidential chair, which he accepted not

from desire but from his strong sense of duty to his country, Washington guided the nation "with an unswerving eye and a steady hand through darkness and through storm." Nor was it an easy matter, as we may gather from a brief glance at the condition of the country at this time. The government was new and untried. Many questions arose which perhaps only "the Father of his Country" could have settled satisfactorily. There was no other American who stood so high in popular estimation. People had unbounded confidence in his honor, truthfulness, and justice, and in the high and controlling sense of duty which governed his every action. He was reëlected President in 1792. He refused election a third time, and returned to Mount Vernon to spend his remaining days in the active out-of-door life which he loved.

On December 12, 1799, Washington made his usual daily horseback ride over his estate in the midst of a driving storm of sleet and rain. He became thoroughly wet and chilled, and took a severe cold. He treated it lightly at first, refusing to be "coddled," and saying the cold could go as it came. Later, quinsy developed, and he died on the evening of December 14, at the age of sixty-seven, leaving to his countrymen the priceless heritage of

his immortal deeds and words. The greatest tributes ever paid to mortal man have been paid to him who was "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,"—the grandest type of an American our country has ever produced.

WASHINGTON'S COAT-OF-ARMS.

THE STATUE OF NATHAN HALE

NATHAN HALE, THE PATRIOT SPY

After his defeat in the battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, Washington was greatly troubled as to what he should do. He had withdrawn his forces to New York City, but he knew not whether it was wiser to stay and defend the city or to fly to a place of greater security. The outlook was dark indeed. A fourth of the army was sick; a third had no tents; and a large number, chiefly new recruits, were short of clothing, shoes, and blankets. Altogether the patriot army numbered only fourteen thousand men fit for duty, and these were scattered along a distance of twelve or more miles.

The British army of twenty-five thousand brave and well-trained veterans lay encamped in front of them along the shores of New York Bay and the East River. Moreover, the British had a large fleet of warships lying at anchor and ready for service, while spy ships sailed about continually, watching every movement of the Americans.

Winter was not far away, and Washington feared the effect upon the patriot cause, if no effort

was made to attack the British; yet it must be made in the face of almost certain defeat. His raw, suffering troops had little chance against twice the number of British regulars. What should be done?

Washington's headquarters were in the home of Robert Murray, a Quaker merchant, and here he called his officers together to consider the grave and perplexing question. It had just been decided to move northward to Harlem Heights — a position much stronger than New York, as it admitted of a more open line of retreat if that were necessary; for Washington had no intention of being surrounded on Manhattan Island for the winter by the King's forces, or, more probably, of losing his entire army in one swoop — when scouts came hurrying with the news that the British seemed to be getting ready to move. But no one knew where they were going.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, "the fate of our army depends upon our finding out the plans of the enemy at once." As all agreed to this, it was determined to send a spy into the British camp to pick up all the information he could find.

Washington intrusted the matter of finding the right man to Colonel Knowlton, one of his aids,

who had greatly distinguished himself on many occasions. It proved to be a difficult task. All who were capable of filling the part shrank from it. At last Colonel Knowlton bethought himself of a clever scout who had undertaken many daring deeds, and was noted for his rashness and bravery. He was sent for; but the perilous task was too much even for him. The penalty, if captured, was too dreadful to contemplate.

"No, Colonel Knowlton," he said firmly, "I am willing to serve my country in any honorable way. I will take any risks as a scout, or fight the redcoats anywhere; but, sir, I cannot be a spy, even for General Washington, much as I respect and admire him."

This seemed to be the sentiment of all. Colonel Knowlton was about to give up the search, when he was startled by a low, firm voice at his elbow: "I will go. A soldier should never consult his fears when duty calls."

He turned in surprise. The voice was that of Captain Nathan Hale, a brilliant young officer, scarcely recovered from a severe illness. Hale's friends pleaded with him not to go. It was madness, they said, for one whose prospects were so brilliant to undertake so perilous a mission. But

Hale was not to be dissuaded, for he did not consider the value of his life where his country's needs were concerned.

"I wish to be useful," he said, with kindling face and eyes alight with the fire of patriotism, "and the mission is not without honor, since it involves the fate of the army. My country's claims are imperious, and I am glad of this opportunity to serve her."

Nathan Hale was Captain of a company of Connecticut volunteers. His men fairly worshiped him. He was the steward of their rations, clothing, and money, and the sympathetic confidant of every lad in his regiment. He was a careful student of military tactics, and often served on picket duty. But, in spite of all this, he found time to arrange wrestling matches for his men, to play ball and checkers, and, on Sundays, to hold open-air religious services.

He was born in a little old-fashioned house in Coventry, Conn., June 6, 1755. Eight brothers and three sisters made the home a bright and joyous place. Both father and mother were people of sterling worth. Mr. Hale governed his family in strict Puritan fashion, in fear of the Lord. He was very loyal to his country, and, after the war

began, all the wool raised on his farm was made into blankets for the army. Three of his sons he dedicated to the ministry. Nathan was one of these.

As a lad, young Hale was bright and active and filled with a love for all boyish sports. He liked books, and read with interest everything that came his way. He entered Yale College at the age of fifteen, and graduated in 1773, just two years before the Battle of Bunker Hill. Shortly afterwards he entered upon the career of "schoolmaster," and was later elected principal of a select school at New London, not far from his home town.

Professor Hale was well liked by all his pupils. He earnestly sought to implant in their minds the principles of courage, manliness, and patriotism. On the playground, as well as in the schoolroom, he was their leader. No one was a better wrestler or ball player.

When news came of the bloodshed at Lexington, young Hale was fired with enthusiasm. He attended a rousing mass meeting that very evening and was one of the most ardent speakers. "Let us march at once," he cried, "and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence!"

A company was formed at white heat, and marched for Cambridge the next day. The same

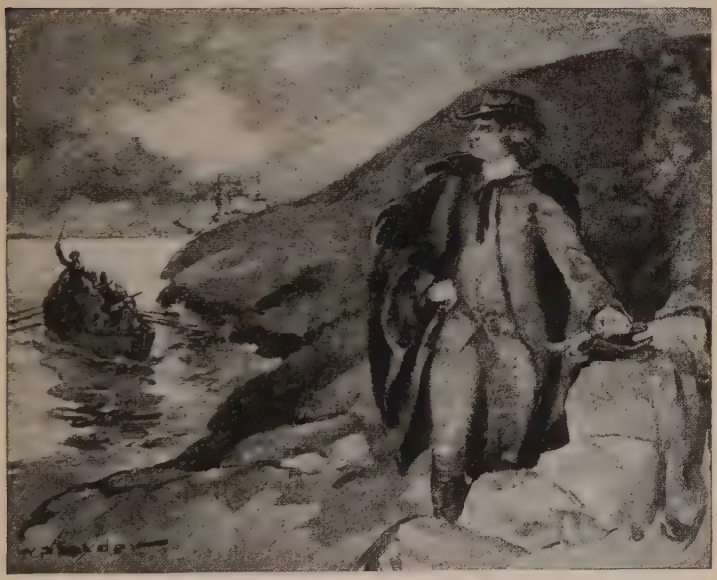
promptness and dispatch marked his conduct after accepting Washington's mission. Within a few hours he had taken leave of his friends and, in company with one of his own trusted soldiers, lay in wait for an opportunity to cross Long Island Sound. This was an impossibility in the vicinity of Harlem, on account of the British spy ships patrolling the Sound. So Hale and his companion crept stealthily along the Connecticut side until Norfolk was reached—a distance of fifty miles. Here a sloop was found to carry Hale across to the other side.

En route he changed his uniform for a suit of citizen's clothes, and landed on Long Island as a schoolmaster in search of a school. Of course, he "accidentally" stumbled into a British camp and at once began to make friends with the dragoons, who, as Hale was a most likable young fellow, received him cordially.

Thus two weeks passed away. Hale journeyed from one point to another, always keyed to the highest pitch, and scarcely sleeping at night, so anxious was he to make note of everything which might be of service to the American cause.

At last his mission was completed. He had made the rounds of the British camps and returned to

his starting point, unharmed and unsuspected. He had learned all that his General desired and more, and had his drawings and notes carefully concealed in the soles of his shoes. It seemed as if he was



THE CAPTURE OF NATHAN HALE

going to get home in safety. Perhaps this fact made him the least bit careless. He was very tired and hungry, and, feeling that no one would recognize him in the schoolmaster's garb, he ventured boldly into a tavern* kept by a woman nicknamed "Mother Chick" that was the favorite loafing place

of all the Tories in the vicinity. Hale should have been wise enough to keep away from such a place, but the goal was so near that our hero felt no fear. He ate a good supper and spent the night at the tavern.

Bright and early next morning Hale was up and secretly on the lookout for the boat he expected to meet him. Suddenly old Mother Chick burst into the room, crying, "Look out, boys! A strange boat is heading close in shore!" The Tories scattered like wildfire, and Hale carefully reconnoitered. It was not exactly the spot where he had arranged to meet his friends, yet it looked very much like the sloop; so he hastened down to the beach.

It was not the boat he expected, but he did not find out his mistake until he was too close to retreat, with six British marines pointing their muskets straight at him, and the cry, "Surrender or die!" ringing in his ears. Escape was impossible, and poor Hale was forced to give himself up almost in sight of victory! But he did it bravely and unflinchingly, as became a true and noble soldier, and the British captain and sailors could but admire him. When young Hale was brought before General Howe he looked him fearlessly in the eye and bravely owned that he was

an American officer. He said he was sorry that he had not been able to serve his country better. Without trial of any kind, the British General condemned him to die the death of a spy.

Poor, brave boy! how cruelly brief was the time left him. Yet he took the sentence as calmly and nobly as he had the capture, but this time no words of sympathy came from the heart of his captor. He was unfeelingly turned over to Cunningham, the brutal provost-marshal, and confined, under strong guard, in the greenhouse at the rear of the mansion where Howe had his headquarters.

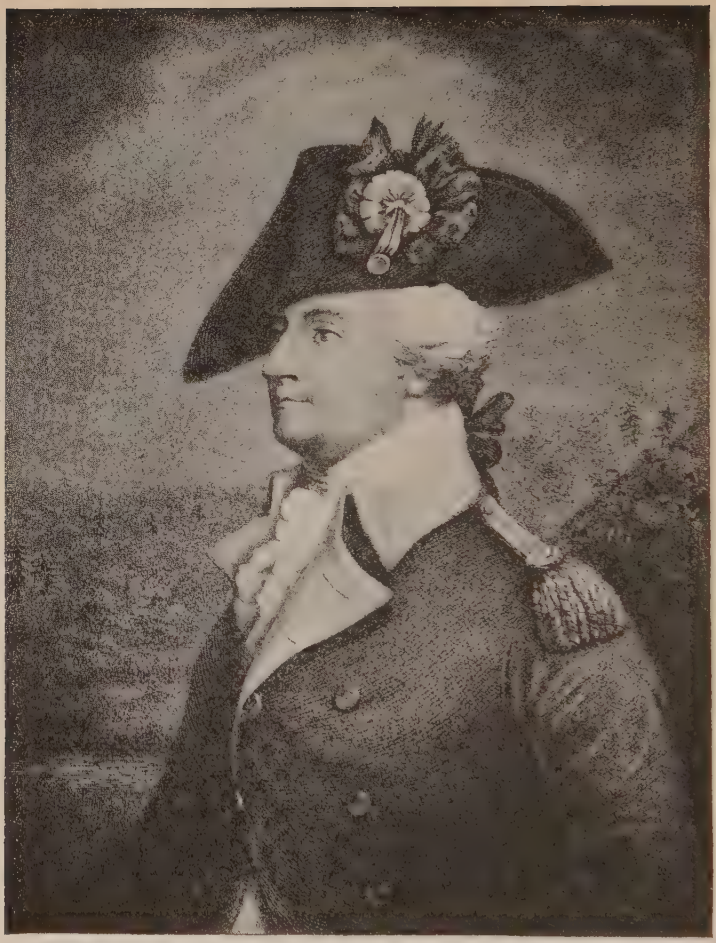
Here he spent the night alone, denied by his heartless keeper even the Bible he had asked for; but morning found him calm and ready. At the last moment, while preparations for his execution were being made, a young officer, moved by Hale's noble bearing, kindly allowed him to sit in his tent long enough to write brief messages of farewell to his mother and his sweetheart. These were passed to Cunningham to be sent. After reading these sacred letters, the brutal officer tore them into shreds before the eyes of his captive, declaring that the "rebels should never know they had a man who could die so bravely."

Just before sunrise September 22, 1776, on a

lovely Sabbath morning, Nathan Hale was led out to die. Early as it was, a number of men and women had gathered about the apple tree which was to serve for a gallows. This, perhaps, excited the provost-marshal to more than his usual show of cruelty, for, as the doomed youth mounted the ladder, he bawled coarsely, "Give us your dying speech, you young rebel!"

Nathan Hale paused where he was, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, said in a clear, steady voice, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

So perished Captain Nathan Hale, the earliest martyr in the cause of American freedom. He gave his life fully and freely to his beloved country, and thereby won immortal fame. More than a century later a handsome statue* was erected to his memory in the city of New York. It stands in City Hall Square, one of the busiest spots of the metropolis in which he made his great sacrifice.



Anty Wayne

"MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE, THE HERO OF STONY POINT

After the battle of Monmouth, which took place June 28, 1778, no military events of importance occurred until the next spring. Some time during the night after that engagement, Sir Henry Clinton, who commanded the British forces, slipped quietly away and escaped to New York, where he remained all winter. Washington retired to White Plains, N. Y., and afterward crossed the Hudson to Middlebrook, N. J., where he could more easily protect his defenses at West Point and King's Ferry.

Early in the spring, Washington, thinking to make his position more secure, made up his mind to fortify Verplanck's Point and Stony Point, twin headlands on opposite sides of the Hudson, thirteen miles below West Point, and the natural gateway to the lower Highlands.

Before the patriots had completed their work on Stony Point, Sir Henry Clinton cast covetous eyes on this fine strategic point and determined to possess both the forts, so he sent an expedition to

capture them. Owing to the unprotected condition of Stony Point, he accomplished this very easily.

The British were overjoyed at their success and straightway set to work to make a "Little Gibraltar" of Stony Point. For this it was especially well adapted, being a rocky, thumb-shaped promontory, 150 feet high, extending nearly half a mile into the river, which washed it on three sides. On the land side was a morass that could be crossed only at low tide by a bridge or causeway. It was not long before all four sides bristled with breastworks, and the top with cannon pointing in every direction. Along each side of the causeway was placed a row of sharpened and spiked logs to form an abatis. The fort was garrisoned by six hundred men, while a man-of-war constantly patrolled the river. Altogether, when the British completed their work on Stony Point it was well worthy of the name of "Little Gibraltar," and not a very easy proposition for an enemy to think of storming. But the man whom Washington later selected for this difficult task was, like the famous Paul Jones, "all kinds of a fighting man."

Both armies, though it was midsummer, were comparatively quiet: Washington because he was not strong enough to take the offensive, and Clinton

because he could not force his antagonist into rash action. As a final effort he sent Governor Tryon, who was noted for his brutality, into Connecticut, with a force of Tories and Hessians, to ravage the country and slay and outrage the people. And he went about his work with the utmost cruelty.

General Washington deeply sympathized with the unfortunate people, but dared not leave his position on the Hudson to go to their relief, which was just what Clinton wanted him to do. However, Washington soon planned a counter move. This was nothing more nor less than the recapture of Stony Point. It was indeed a very hazardous undertaking; but this stronghold in British hands was a constant menace to Washington's control of the Highlands and must be recovered. The only question was how it should be done. Not by open assault, surely; but stealthily and under cover of the night. But what brave soldier would Washington select for this daring deed? Instinctively he turned to General Wayne, a gallant officer, fashioned after a model dear to his own heart. Although so daring that he was called "Mad Anthony" by his soldiers, he was likewise wary, vigilant, and firm as a rock, and is said to have been the hardest fighter on either side in the Revolution. As might

have been expected, General Wayne eagerly accepted the mission.

The expedition was planned by Washington himself with the greatest secrecy and skill. Not a detail was omitted. Even the dogs within three miles of Stony Point were killed, lest an unlucky bark should betray the presence of the oncoming soldiers. Only light infantry* was to compose the attacking party.

The men were to be divided into two columns, each preceded by a vanguard of one hundred and fifty chosen men and officers who were to make the surprise; and these in turn by a band of twenty tried and determined men, who were to remove the obstructions, secure the sentries, and drive back the guards. The men were all to wear white cockades and shout a watchword, *after they had scaled the ramparts*, to distinguish them from the enemy. The work was to be done with the bayonet only.

An undercurrent of excitement ran through the camp when it was known that over thirteen hundred picked veterans had been selected for some important service; and there was much speculation when these men, fully equipped and under command of General Wayne, marched rapidly southward from Sandy Beach. They had proceeded only a short distance when they left the highway and plunged into

the wilderness. Single file and in silence, they sped along rocky hillsides and through gloomy defiles.

About 8 o'clock in the evening they came to a final halt at Springsteel's farm, about a mile and a half in the rear of Stony Point and fourteen miles

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT

from camp. Here the men dropped wearily to the ground and ate their supper of bread and cold meat in silence.

Here for the first time the men learned of their destination, and while, perhaps, many a brave fellow's face blanched at the news, their hearts were all as brave as was that of their valiant leader.

Quickly and silently the preparations went on as planned. General Wayne himself was to lead the right column.

Half an hour before midnight found the troops again in motion. Slowly and cautiously they followed their guide, a faithful negro who had been in the habit of selling fruit to the British. He had obtained the countersign for the night on the plea that he could not come in the daytime because his master wanted him to hoe corn.*

As the causeway was overflowed, it was about half-past 12 before the troops could cross. The whole affair had been so skillfully managed that our men were almost upon the outworks before they were discovered. Then there was a severe skirmish with the pickets, and instantly the fort was in an uproar. The British leaped quickly into action, but before they could rally their forces the two main columns had scaled the ramparts and on every side were seen the white cockades and heard the shouts, "The fort is ours! The fort is ours!"

Colonel Fleury was the first man to enter, and it was the hand of the gallant Frenchman that hauled down the British flag. Just at the moment of victory General Wayne was struck in the head by a musket-ball, and for a moment it was thought

he had received his death wound. But the country was not yet to lose brave General Wayne. He was soon ready to rejoice with his men, for at 1 o'clock, thirty minutes from the time the marsh was crossed, the men were shouting in honor of their victory!*

GOLD MEDAL GIVEN BY CONGRESS TO GENERAL WAYNE

In carrying out this brilliant exploit the American loss was 15 killed and 83 wounded; that of the British, 63 killed and 543 taken prisoners, including 70 wounded, with 15 cannon and military supplies.

Of course "Mad Anthony" and his men were the heroes of the hour, and well they might be, for the brave deed they had done in that midnight hour was one of the most brilliant exploits of the war for independence, or, in fact, of any war, and won great applause from friend and foe alike. General

Washington hastened to congratulate these brave heroes in person, while Congress gave General Wayne a gold medal and passed a resolution praising him for his "brave, prudent, and soldierly conduct."

The effect of this victory was to put heart into the discouraged and sorely tried soldiers, and to give them greater confidence in their fighting powers. Clinton withdrew the evil Tryon from Connecticut and massed his forces to watch Washington.

Stony Point is now the property of the State of New York, and will ever be a proud monument to the daring valor of "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

There is one thing in connection with the capture of Stony Point that is of lasting honor to the American soldiers, and that is that not one of the captured men was killed after the surrender; and this in face of the fact that the British were killing defenseless people in a neighboring state and destroying their property. They thus proved that *humanity* as well as *bravery* was a virtue of the American soldier.

The record of General Wayne's life is briefly this: He was born in Waynesboro, Pa., January 1, 1745. His father was a man of wealth, and had

been a captain in the Provincial service. As a schoolboy he loved to study mathematics and play war. He was always drilling his schoolmates and making them dig ditches and throw up breastworks, much to the detriment of their studies and the anger of the schoolmaster. As a youth he excelled as a surveyor. He was a devoted patriot, and early entered the army. On January 3, 1776, when he was just twenty-one, he was made Colonel of the Fourth Battalion of the Pennsylvania Line. He was ever the idol of his men.*

While General Wayne is popularly known as the hero of Stony Point, he was in fact one of the best generals in every respect in the patriot army. He excelled as a drill master, and no troops were better trained than those of the Pennsylvania Line. He always had the confidence of Washington, and could always be depended on for firmness and wisdom as well as for hard fighting. This was proven on some of the most hardly fought fields of the Revolution. And his patriotism was of the purest. No shade of personal jealousy ever clouded his sense of duty or his love of country, no matter how ill-treated he might be for political reasons.

But brilliant as Wayne's services to his country had been in its struggle with England, it remained

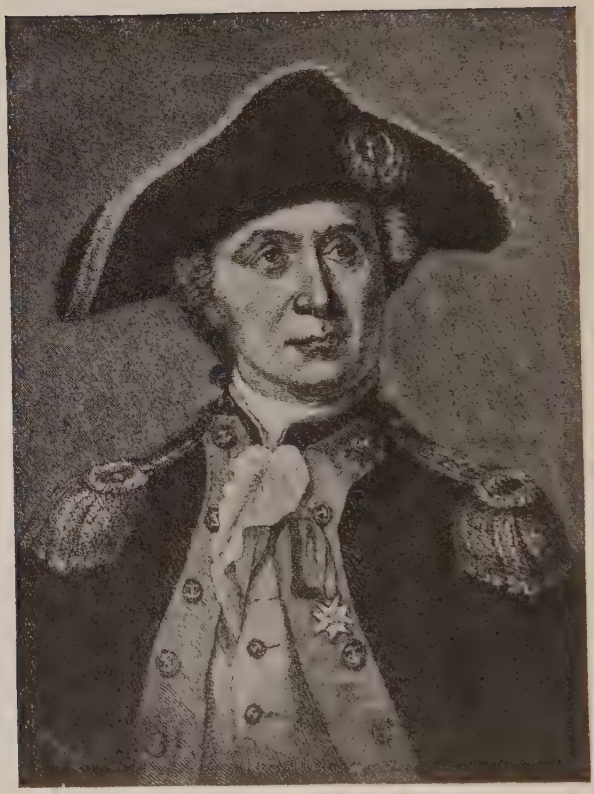
for him to render it his greatest service at the close of his life. In the autumn of 1790 war broke out with the Miami Confederation of Indians in that part of the Northwest Territory known as Ohio. The Indians were very powerful and were led by Little Turtle, an able and renowned warrior. General Harmar had set out from Fort Washington with two thousand men to subdue the savages, and had pursued them almost to Fort Wayne, when his force was ambuscaded and nearly destroyed. The next year a similar expedition was organized against the hostile Indians under General St. Clair, governor of the territory. In less than two months he had been surprised by his wily foes and his command nearly destroyed.

In despair Washington (1792) appointed General Wayne commander-in-chief of the army and sent him West to whip the Indians and restore peace to the distracted country. On taking command, "Mad Anthony" at once set about raising a force of three thousand men. These he drilled for many months, with the greatest care, until they were fleet as deer and could load and fire while running. When Wayne had his men fully trained he set out for the Indian country in Northwest Ohio, along the Maumee and Auglaize. At the junction of these

THE BATTLE OF THE FALLEN TIMBERS

two streams he built and garrisoned Fort Defiance. Then he sent proposals of peace to Little Turtle and the other chiefs, who were holding a great council on the Maumee. Peace was favored by Little Turtle, but most of the chiefs wished war.

So General Wayne (August 20, 1794) marched on the Indians at once, and came up with them near Waynesfield. The savages had taken their position in a lot of fallen timber, and fought desperately in their usual style; but nine hundred of Wayne's fleet-footed troops charged them with bayonets, and routed them with terrible slaughter. The campaign was a complete success, and the Indians purchased peace by ceding a large tract of land east of the Miami to the United States. Wayne returned to Pennsylvania after this great victory at the "Fallen Timbers," which brought permanent peace to the Northwest, and was received with the greatest honors and applause. He returned to Ohio to conclude the treaty with the Indians, and died on Lake Erie, December 15, 1796. He is buried at Radnor, Pennsylvania.



PAUL JONES

PAUL JONES, OUR FIRST NAVAL HERO

When Congress provided for the organization of the navy, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, one of the first men to beg for a ship and a commission was John Paul Jones, a wiry little Scotchman about thirty years of age. "I ask no pay for my services," he said; "but give me a good ship, please, for I mean to go in harm's way."

Robert Morris, one of the members of the marine committee, was much pleased with Jones. He placed his name at the head of the list of the thirteen lieutenants he had enrolled because he found that Jones was easily their superior in point of military tactics and knowledge of the sea.

John Paul, youngest in a gardener's family of seven children, was born in Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, in 1747. He was early crowded out to make his own way in the world, being a shipmaster's apprentice at twelve. He was mate on his master's ship at seventeen, and captain of a merchantman at twenty-one. After making several voyages he gave up his ship and came to America to visit his

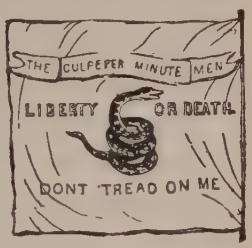
oldest brother, who had been adopted by a relative named William Jones, a planter of considerable wealth near Fredericksburg, Va. After remaining here a couple of years he again took command of an English ship. In 1773, his brother having died without heirs, he returned to America to take possession of the estate, which became his by the will of their relative, with the provision that he should assume the name of Jones.

Trusting his newly-acquired plantation to his brother's able overseer, for more than two years Jones gave himself up to society and study, acquiring, among other things, French and Spanish. He entertained with lavish hospitality and formed the acquaintance of Colonel Washington, of Jefferson, Livingston, the Lees, Franklin, and many other prominent men south of New England. He became a cultivated man of the world, well able to take his place among the distinguished people with whom his genius later brought him into contact. In 1776 the British destroyed his plantation and carried his slaves away to Jamaica. He had only his sword and his genius left.

For some reason, Jones had always had the most intense hatred of England. Even as a child, when watching the ships go by his home on Solway Firth,

he had resolved to cross the ocean, fit out a great ship, and return to England to "destroy her commerce, and in a hundred ways spread disaster and ruin throughout her domain."

On Jones' admission to the navy, it consisted of only two ships, two brigantines, and one sloop. Thirteen new frigates, however, were to be completed within the year. Men to man these ships were enrolled at once and placed on board the *Alfred,* under command of Paul Jones, who was to "instruct them in the arts and practices of war." Here Jones received his title of "Founder of the American Navy." Here, also, he hoisted the first flag of the Revolution — the "Rattlesnake flag,"* with its significant motto, "Don't Tread on Me."



"RATTLESNAKE" FLAG

On May 10, 1776, Jones was made Captain of the vessel *Providence,* carrying twelve four-pounders. His business was to convey military stores from New England to Washington's army on Long Island. This was a difficult undertaking, because the coast and sound swarmed with British cruisers from Howe's fleet; but he succeeded so well that he won the admiration of Washington,

as well as the approval of Congress. In the autumn he made a six weeks' cruise, during which he captured sixteen prizes, besides doing considerable damage to the enemy's fishing and trading ships. Among the valuables taken was a "considerable quantity of clothing and provisions." These were promptly sent to Washington's destitute army on the Delaware.

As a reward for these valuable services, Paul Jones was promised the command of a splendid ship then being built in Amsterdam for the American navy. In the meantime he was ordered to take command of the *Ranger*, an old sloop-of-war being fitted for the sea at Portsmouth, N. H. He went on board June 14, 1777. This was the day Congress adopted the stars and stripes as the national ensign. Paul Jones at once hoisted the new flag on the *Ranger*, and for the first time the stars and stripes floated over the sea.

In November, 1777, he set sail for France with news of Burgoyne's surrender. In that country a sharp disappointment awaited him. He did not receive command of the fine new ship promised him. Great Britain had raised such a storm over the building of the frigate for the American colonies that it had been passed over to the French for safe-

keeping. Of course this was a bitter disappointment, but Jones, with his usual happy faculty for making the best of things, at once set about making the decrepit old *Ranger* more seaworthy. For fight he would, ship or no ship; and he now had one more private grievance against England.

Soon he was ready for sea, and at once determined to secure a salute to his flag from the splendid French fleet in Quiberon Bay. His way of going about it was laughable, to say the least. He sailed proudly into the harbor and sent very polite letters both to the French Admiral and the American agent, announcing his arrival and hinting at his expectation. The American agent dined with Jones on shipboard the following day, but carefully avoided any mention of the salute. Jones was very angry, but he did not permit his guest to suspect it. When the agent had gone ashore, however, the fiery little Scotchman sat down and wrote the French Admiral a letter. He told him very plainly that he considered his ship worthy of recognition as a representative of the American government, and closed by saying that he could show a commission as respectable as any the French Admiral could produce.

The letter had the desired effect. The French

Admiral sent word that he would be proud to recognize the stars and stripes when the *Ranger* appeared in the upper bay. The message reached Jones toward evening. He desired the salute to take place during the day, that all about might see the compliment. So he tarried in the lower harbor until morning, when he sailed up through the double line of the French fleet. You may be very sure it was a proud moment for him when the French guns roared out in honor of the American flag. It was not only the first salute which the stars and stripes had ever received, but it meant that France was from that day openly, as she had long been secretly, the friend of the American colonies.

In April, 1778, the daring Scotchman suddenly pulled up his anchor and sailed into the realm of the great Mistress of the Seas. It was a bold move—one which the French admirals, with their great fleet of fifty-five ships, dared not risk—and our hero took all the chances of destruction. But fortune ever favors the brave. He cruised about for several days, burning and destroying many merchant ships. Then finally, growing bolder, he swooped down upon St. Mary's Isle, intending to carry off the Earl of Selkirk, his father's old employer, as a hostage. He only failed because the Earl was gone.

At Whitehaven, where hundreds of English ships lay at anchor, he entered the harbor, in the stillness of midnight. Here he spiked some of the guns in the fort and escaped in safety. He had not yet, however, accomplished the desire of his heart. This was to find a ship-of-war, not too strong for him, and fight it out, yard-arm to yard-arm.

An occasion soon presented itself. He fell in with the *Drake*, a ship not much superior to his own in point of strength, manned by brave men and a fighting Captain. Jones was flying the stars and stripes. "What ship is that?" asked the *Drake*. The reply was characteristic of Jones: "It is the American Continental ship, *Ranger*. We challenge you and beg you to come on. The sun is an hour high. We are due in port and must soon have you in tow. Come on!"

The *Drake* accepted the challenge with spirit. She made "a good and gallant defense," as Jones himself said, but was obliged to haul down her flag at the end of one hour and four minutes. She lost her Captain and first lieutenant and thirty-eight men killed and wounded; the *Ranger's* loss was but two killed and six wounded. Two weeks later Jones appeared at Brest with his prize. The French pilots vied with each other as to which should have

the honor of piloting the two vessels through the channel, and Jones had now no occasion to ask for a salute—every French ship in sight boomed out congratulations to the brave Scotchman and his beloved stars and stripes. For this exploit the American government made him a Commodore.

Messengers from the French government, now openly at war with England, hurried to Jones and begged him to accept the command of a fleet which they were about to fit out. Our hero was delighted. So much deference had been shown him that he expected a splendid command, but it was not forthcoming. For reasons which the French seem to have been unable to control, Jones was kept waiting, idle and wretched under hope deferred, for a whole year. Then he was offered the command of a motley squadron composed of two frigates, a cutter, a brig, and the flagship *Duc de Duras*, an old worn-out vessel, no better than the *Ranger*, but larger.

Jones had long since learned that "beggars cannot be choosers," so he accepted the command and renamed his flagship the *Bonhomme Richard*, in honor of his friend, Dr. Franklin, and set about manning her at once. Fortunately, a number of exchanged American prisoners had just arrived in France, and Jones was able to select his officers

FIGHT OF THE BONHOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS

from them. His first lieutenant was Richard Dale, "one of the most gallant seamen the American navy ever produced." Much of Jones' after-success was due to the courageous assistance of this brave officer, and the utmost confidence and love existed between them.

The crew was made up of men of all nationalities; many of those in the forecastle did not even understand the word of command. Yet Paul Jones put courageously to sea, as confident of success as were those who expected great things from him. Disappointment, however, seemed to lie in wait for him on every hand. Landais, the captain of one of the frigates, was mutinous and insanely jealous of his commander. Lack of discipline was everywhere apparent. The whole squadron seemed incapable of either acting together or acting separately. Wind and weather, too, were unfavorable. Twice Paul Jones bore down upon Edinburgh, intent upon its destruction, but each time the wind blew him out to sea again.* The cruise seemed likely to end in a manner crushing to his hopes, when, soon after noon on September 22, 1779, a single ship was seen rounding Flamborough Head. It proved to be the first of the Baltic fleet of forty merchantmen, which Paul Jones had long desired to intercept.

He at once gave chase. The merchant vessels scattered like wild pigeons and ran for the shore, but the two warships which were convoying them came on, eager for the conflict. The largest of these vessels was a fine new frigate, called the *Serapis*. She carried fifty guns and had a force almost equal two to one of the poor old *Bonhomme Richard*. She was commanded by Captain Pearson, a brave and capable officer, who chose to make sport of the Americans, as soon as he came within hailing distance, by pretending that he thought the *Bonhomme Richard* a merchant ship, as indeed she once had been.

"What ship is that?" he called lustily. "And what are you laden with?"

"'T is the Continental ship *Bonhomme Richard,*" shouted the mate of the plucky American ship, "and we are loaded with round, grape, and double-headed shot! Come on!"

Drummers at once beat to quarters on both ships, but it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening when the cannonading began. At the second broadside two of the heaviest guns on the *Richard* burst; the rest cracked and could not be fired. The small guns had all been dismantled, and Jones had only three nine-pounders to play against the heavy

broadsides of the enemy. Furthermore, "the shot from the *Serapis* had made several enormous holes in the crazy old hull of the *Bonhomme Richard*, and she was leaking like a sieve, while she was afire in a dozen places at once."

Almost any other Captain would have surrendered, but such a thought never entered the head of Paul Jones. He called out cheerily, "Never mind, lads, we will have a better ship to go home in!" and went on bravely striving to overcome the heavy odds. He was ably aided by his gallant men and his heroic lieutenant, Dale, who seemed everywhere at once, urging on the crew of the useless guns in an attack against the ravages of fire and water, and at last forcing the prisoners in the hold to work at the pumps for their lives.

The *Richard* was soon literally torn to pieces between decks, and Jones saw that his only chance lay in grappling with his enemy and having it out at close quarters. He managed to bring his ship close to the *Serapis*, and with his own hands made fast the bowsprit to his mizzen-mast. "Now, my brave lads, we have her!" he called encouragingly, leading an attempt to board the *Serapis*. The guns of the *Bonhomme Richard* now touched those of the *Serapis*. As the gunners loaded they thrust

their ramrods into the very ports of the enemy. Never before had an English commander met such a foe or fought such a battle. Captain Pearson's better ship and heavier guns now gave him but little advantage, yet he managed to resist the first onslaught of the Americans.

Soon the two ships had worked into such a position that neither could fire a shot. Locked in a grim and deadly embrace, each repeatedly catching fire from the other, they lay enshrouded in smoke and darkness, till a voice suddenly boomed out from the bloody decks of the *Serapis,* "Have you struck?"

"No," cried Paul Jones; "we have just begun to fight!"

With a mighty wrench the *Serapis* freed herself enough to pour a heavy broadside into the hull of the *Bonhomme Richard.* Imagine the condition of Paul Jones at that moment! Every gun silenced, except the one at which he himself stood, and his ship gradually settling beneath him! To make matters worse, the mutinous Captain of the *Alliance* —one of Jones' fleet—now ran up and treacherously turned his guns on the poor old *Bonhomme Richard.* He thought to destroy her and take the *Serapis* himself. Finding this impossible, he turned

and ran off to windward, leaving the vessels to their fate.

For a time it seemed as though both would certainly be destroyed. The topmen of the American ship kept up a hurricane of destruction on the decks of the enemy. She retaliated by pouring broadside after broadside through the hull of the doomed old trader. Finally a prisoner escaping from the *Bonhomme Richard* told Captain Pearson that the American vessel was sinking. He called again to know if Jones had struck.

"No," cried Paul Jones, in a voice that thrilled friend and foe alike; "if we can do no better, we will go down with colors flying!"

Once again the ships lurched and locked together. The shot from the *Serapis* riddled the sides of the *Richard* and drove the men to the upper deck for safety. But as the Americans came up the Englishmen went down, and for the same reason. For the moment it was a victory for the British below deck, and for the Continentals above. Then one of Jones' countrymen crept carefully out on the main yardarm with a bucket of hand grenades. He managed to get directly above the main hatch of the *Serapis*, coolly fastened his bucket to the sheet-block, and began to throw the grenades down the

hatchway, where the huddled sailors were working their guns. Almost the first one ignited a row of cartridges left exposed by the carelessness of the powder-boys, and the resulting demoralization was complete. It was the turning point. In another moment the men from the *Richard* were scrambling down the yards of the *Serapis*. Human endurance could withstand no longer. Captain Pearson himself lowered the flag, which had been nailed to the mast.

So ended the most desperately fought battle between single ships known in naval warfare either before or since the days of Paul Jones. It is the only instance in history of the surrender of a British man-of-war to a ship of not much more than half her force. The battle was also remarkable for the fact that the ship which surrendered destroyed and sunk the ship which conquered her, for the poor old *Bonhomme Richard* settled into her watery grave about ten o'clock the following morning, with a tattered American flag flying at her mizzen peak.

Jones' loyal frigate, the *Pallas*, under Captain Cottineau, had, from the very first, engaged the attention of the smaller vessel accompanying the *Serapis*, and at length succeeded in capturing her. The victors at once set sail for port and arrived

in due time in the harbor of Texel. Such was the blow to the pride of England that she caused the Dutch government to demand that Paul Jones leave her harbor at once. This he refused to do, as Texel was a neutral port. The Dutch government then threatened to drive him out, and had thirteen double-decked frigates to enforce this threat, while twelve English ships cruised outside waiting for him. But Paul Jones kept his flag flying in the face of these twenty-five hostile ships, and firmly refused to leave until he was ready.

Obverse

Reverse

MEDAL VOTED TO PAUL JONES BY CONGRESS AND EXECUTED IN PARIS

All the vessels in Jones' fleet, with the exception of the *Alliance*, belonged to France, and Jones himself sailed under a French commission. Consequently the French claimed the *Scrapis* as a French prize and Jones was under the necessity of hoisting a French flag on the *Scrapis*,

or of taking the inferior *Alliance* under the American flag. Bitter as it was to give up the splendid *Serapis,* he nobly preferred the weaker ship under the American flag, and in the *Alliance,* in the midst of a roaring gale on a black December night, he escaped from Texel.

"The British government offered ten thousand guineas for him, dead or alive, and forty-two British ships of the line and frigates scoured the seas for him. Yet he escaped from them all; passed within sight of the fleets at Spithead; ran through the English channel; and reached France in safety."*

The name of Paul Jones was now on everybody's tongue. He made a tour of the chief cities of France as the guest of the nation. King Louis XVI, loyal friend of the American colonies, presented him a gold mounted sword and made him a Chevalier. He was also invested with the Military Order of Merit, an honor which had never before been conferred on anyone who had not actually borne arms under the commission of France.

In the meantime the Americans were also busy doing honor to Paul Jones. General Washington wrote him a letter of congratulation; Congress passed a resolution of thanks in his honor; gave

him a gold medal, and voted him a large sum of money, which, by the way, was never paid. Jones now expected a ship worthy of his fame, but the country was too impoverished to furnish it. He was finally obliged to return to America, in 1781, in the *Ariel,* a lightly armed vessel, carrying supplies for the Continental army. The close of the war in the year following gave him no further opportunity for naval distinction, but in 1783 he was sent to Paris as agent for prizes captured in Europe under his command. It was a difficult undertaking, but Jones was very successful in getting the prize money for himself and his men.

The subsequent career of Paul Jones was most unfortunate. In 1787 he entered the service of the Empress of Russia with the rank of rear-admiral. In 1789 he was in command of a naval expedition against the Turks in the Black Sea, but the Russian naval officers were so jealous of him that he was maligned and abused, and, although he succeeded in clearing himself, he left Russia with disappointment and disgust.

He returned to Paris in 1790, and died there July 18, 1792. The last two years of Paul Jones' life were spent in the midst of the terrible scenes of the French Revolution. He was ill in body and

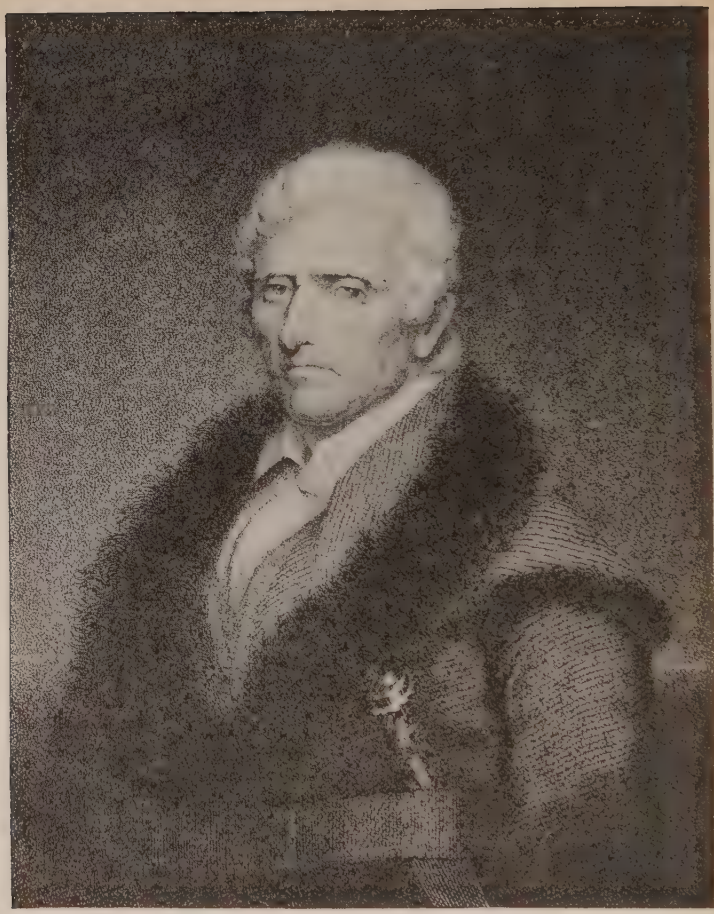
greatly distressed in mind because of the daily scenes of horror. But he bore up with the same

MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT ANNAPOLIS, WHERE PAUL JONES IS BURIED

brave courage which had sustained him on the *Bonhomme Richard*. The noble Lafayette was his friend to the end. He was attended by the Queen's physician and was buried in the St. Louis cemetery

for Protestants. The French people always had the greatest esteem and admiration for Paul Jones, many of the highest nobility being his devoted friends. Napoleon himself greatly deplored his untimely death, saying it had deprived France of a great admiral.*

In 1899, more than a century later, General Horace Porter, the United States minister to France, began the search (which continued six years) for the great sea captain's remains. In July, 1905, after most imposing ceremonies in France, his body was convoyed by a fleet of American warships, under Admiral Sigsbee, to the beloved land of his adoption and placed with naval honors under the dome of the beautiful Memorial Chapel at the Naval Academy in Annapolis.



Daniel Boone

DANIEL BOONE, THE FOUNDER OF KENTUCKY

Every schoolboy is familiar with the name of Daniel Boone, the famous hunter and Indian fighter. He was the hero of the pioneers and the most noted figure in frontier history. While Washington and his ragged Continentals were fighting for independence along the Atlantic coast, Boone and other frontiersmen, as the "rear guard of the Revolution," were laying the foundations of a great commonwealth in the wilderness, two hundred miles from the nearest Eastern settlements.

Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1735. He was a hunter from the time he was old enough to hold a gun. He loved the woods and liked to play at pioneering. One day, the story runs, he did not return from one of his hunting trips. His family and the neighbors searched for him many days. At last they found him roasting a piece of meat before a camp-fire. The young hunter had been very busy in those days of absence, as was shown by the little cabin he

had built of sod and boughs, and the skins of animals he had killed drying near by. He was having the time of his life. But his father thought he was too young to live in the great forest alone, and forced him to break camp and return home.

When Daniel was thirteen eastern Pennsylvania became too thickly settled for the Boones, so they moved to the wild region along the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, where they might live undisturbed by civilization. While Daniel's father and brothers built the little cabin and cleared a space for corn, the lad supplied the table with meat, and roamed the country far and wide, studying the forest until he could read its secrets as well as the Indians.

As the years went by young Boone became known all along the Yadkin as one of the best hunters in that part of the country. One night he was hunting deer by torchlight and peering intently into the forest for a glimpse of the deer's shining eyes, when suddenly he saw a pair of eyes gazing at him from a neighboring thicket. He thought they were deer's eyes and raised his gun to shoot, when he was startled by a girlish scream, and a beautiful young woman stepped from behind the screening bushes. It was the daughter of one of his neighbors. Daniel gazed admiringly into the

big, soft, brown eyes and lost his heart in their clear depths. The two were married not long afterwards.

Young Boone built a log cabin for himself and his wife at the headwaters of the Yadkin, in the depths of the wilderness. Soon, however, he had neighbors in plenty, for the country was being settled rapidly. Then Daniel, true to the instincts of his backwoodsman ancestry, became restless. He longed to see what was in the wilds beyond the wall of the Allegheny Mountains. As with him to desire was to do, he was soon hunting bear and other wild game in what is now Tennessee. This was fifteen years before the War of the Revolution began.

Eight or nine years drifted by. Tennessee became too tame for Boone. He organized a party of six and went over into Kentucky to hunt buffalo. Here he had his first experience with the "prairie kings," when he came near being run down by a herd of them, but escaped in the hairbreadth fashion so characteristic of him.

One day Boone and a comrade, named Stewart, were captured by the Indians. Our hero treated the affair as a matter of course. He pretended that he would just as soon go along with the Indi-

ans as not, and did all that he could to entertain them. Time went by and no chance of escape offered. Stewart was in despair, but Boone was patiently waiting.

At last a day came when the savages had more than their usual luck in the hunt. A great feast was prepared and the redmen ate till they could eat no more. Night fell upon a gorged and drowsy company. Boone knew that then, if ever, was the opportunity to escape. He pretended to be very sleepy and was one of the first to drift off to the land of Nepahwin. Finally, when all was still, he sat up cautiously. An Indian moved. Boone lay down again. Presently he sat up again. Now all was still. He got up and moved silently across the camp to the sleeping Stewart. The backwoodsman awoke at the cautious touch. Not a word was spoken, but soon the two, guns in hand, were creeping noiselessly away. They succeeded in getting back in safety to their cabin in the woods. The place was deserted, and not a trace was left of their four comrades, who were never heard from again.

Shortly afterward Daniel's brother and another man from North Carolina came to look for them. But the hunters had not yet had enough of the wilderness, so they persuaded the two men to tarry

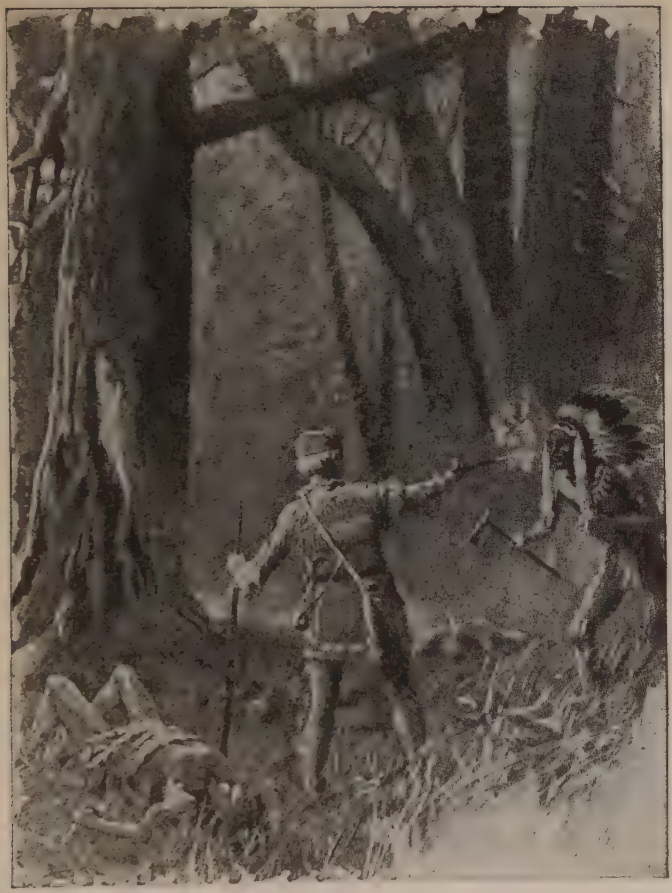
with them awhile. One day while Boone and Stewart were out hunting, Stewart was shot by a party of Indians who were hidden in a canebrake. His brother's companion was eaten by wolves shortly afterward, and so only the two Boone boys were left. Still Daniel was not ready to return. He got his brother to go back home for ammunition and horses, and lived alone until his return, three months later, with Indians and all kinds of wild creatures for neighbors. He had more than one dreadful encounter with wolves, and once the Indians chased him for many miles.

In 1773, the Boone brothers brought their families and a party of friends into Kentucky, intending to make a settlement in the vicinity of their old cabin. Before they could reach it, however, they were attacked by Indians. Six of the party were killed, among them Boone's oldest son. This so frightened the women that they went back to the nearest settlement. Two years later, just at the beginning of the war, Boone built a fort in Kentucky which he named Boonesborough, and here he brought his wife and daughters. They were the first white women in the State. Friends of the family soon followed, and thus the first settlement in Kentucky was begun by Daniel Boone.

For the next few years the people in the little settlement at Boonesborough had all they could do to hold their own. Many and fierce were the battles they fought with the Indians, and that part of the State surely justified the meaning of its Indian name—"dark and bloody ground." In the thickest of the fray fought always Daniel Boone. A record of his many encounters and hairbreadth escapes would fill a volume.

On one occasion Boone and an armed party went to Salt Lick, about one hundred miles north of the fort, to get a supply of salt. Here they met a large party of Indian warriors, who captured them and carried them off to Old Chillicothe, a noted Indian town in Ohio. A number of Boone's companions were afterward ransomed, but Boone himself was adopted into the family of Blackfish, the Shawnee chief. The Indians shaved off all his hair except the scalp lock, painted his face, and dressed him in Indian garb.

For many moons Boone tarried with the savages, and dared not make a single effort at escape, though now and then a chance was cunningly offered him. Finally the Indians ceased to watch him so closely. Still Boone tarried. He wanted to make sure of his escape. At last he learned that the Indians were



DANIEL BOONE IN THE KENTUCKY WOODS

preparing to make another attack upon Boonesborough. Then he got ready to escape.

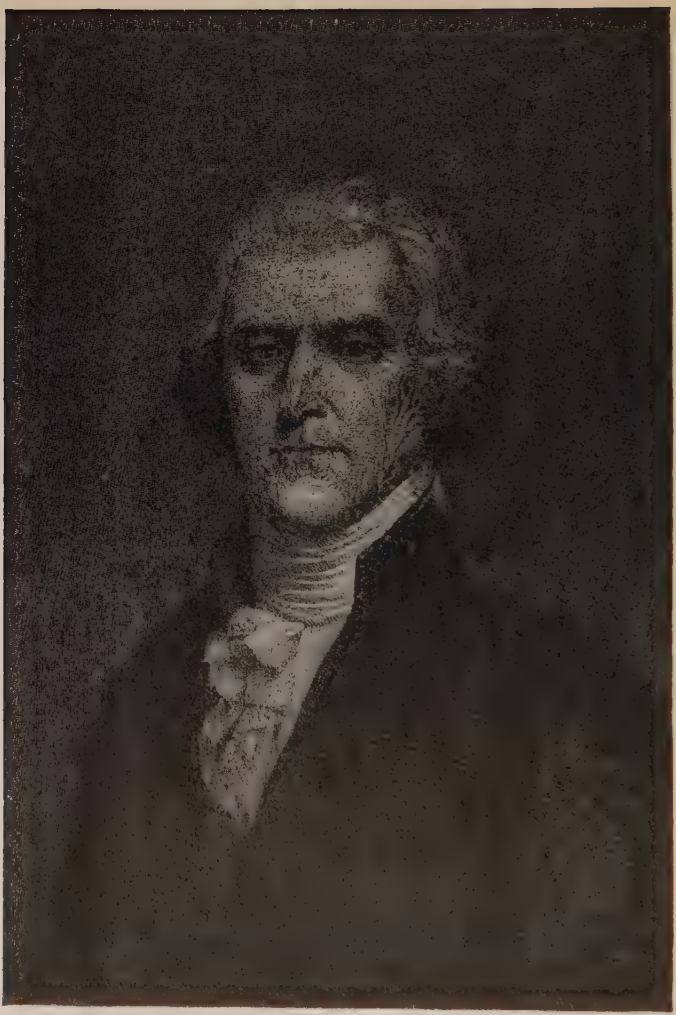
Providence sent him a chance the very next morning. He was squatted before a wigwam, eating his breakfast, when a deer appeared in sight. Hastily catching up a gun, with his meat still in his hand, he gave it chase. The braves about thought nothing of it, and stolidly waited for him to bring in the venison. Of course, he did not return. Later, when they set out to look for him, they could not find his trail, which he had carefully hidden by traveling in water for many miles. He lived on roots and berries, and ventured only once, when nearly famished, to shoot some game and cook it before a low fire in the dead of night.

Disappointment, however, was in store for him when he at last reached Boonesborough. His family had given him up for lost and had returned to North Carolina. He hurriedly helped the people to strengthen the fort, and beat off the Indians, who followed close upon his arrival.

Later the old hunter brought his family again to Kentucky. As soon as he reached Boonesborough he took command of a band of nearly two hundred settlers just starting out to punish a large force of savages who, under the command of

Simon Girty, a renegade white man, were laying waste the country. At Blue Licks the settlers fell into an ambush laid by the Indians and were nearly all killed. This was the most important of Boone's Indian battles, and would not have resulted disastrously if the settlers had heeded his advice to be cautious.

After the Revolutionary War Kentucky became too thickly settled to suit the heroic old backwoodsman, so at the age of sixty he wandered off into Missouri to get "elbow room," as he said. Here he could lie in wait for the deer; stalk wild turkeys; have bear steak occasionally, and hunt for bee trees. He died in 1820, at the ripe old age of eighty-five years.*



THOMAS JEFFERSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO

On the 13th of April, 1743, in a farmhouse among the mountains of Central Virginia, a male child was born who was destined to stamp his genius and personality upon the future nation. The father was a backwoods surveyor, of Welsh origin, and a giant in stature and strength. His name was Peter Jefferson, and he called his boy Thomas.

Peter Jefferson was the owner of thirty slaves and of a wheat and tobacco farm of nearly two thousand acres. He was a stern man, though kind and just. One of his favorite maxims was, "Never ask another to do for you what you can do yourself." He died when Thomas was but fourteen years of age, and was ever remembered by his son with pride and veneration.

From the very first young Thomas was an especially bright child. He inherited his mother's gentle, thoughtful disposition and her love for music and nature. He also took naturally to books and studious pursuits. He might have been overstudious,

but his love of nature made him a keen hunter, a fine horseman, and as fond as Washington of out-door sports.

There were ten children in the Jefferson home. Young Thomas was the third. He had a great affection for his elder sister, Jane. The two were always together in the home nest, and she did much toward elevating and ennobling his character. Her early death, at the age of twenty-five, was regretted by Jefferson to the end of his long life.

Young Jefferson entered William and Mary College when he was seventeen. He was described as one of the "gawkiest" students of the session, but professors and students alike soon found out his worth. Dr. Small, the Scotch professor of mathematics, was particularly attracted to him, and exercised a great and beneficial influence over his character.

Among Jefferson's early companions was a jovial young fellow noted for "mimicry, practical jokes, fiddling, and dancing." His name, like Jefferson's, has since been written indelibly upon the country's history. Every school boy and girl knows it. It was Patrick Henry. The two were boon companions in their youthful sports.

Shortly after Jefferson entered college, Henry

strolled into his room one day, and delighted him with the news that he had been studying law since they parted and that he had come to Williamsburg to get a license to practice. Jefferson questioned

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

him eagerly. When he found that the young man had in reality studied law only about six weeks, he was doubtful of the outcome; but, needless to say, young Henry secured his license.

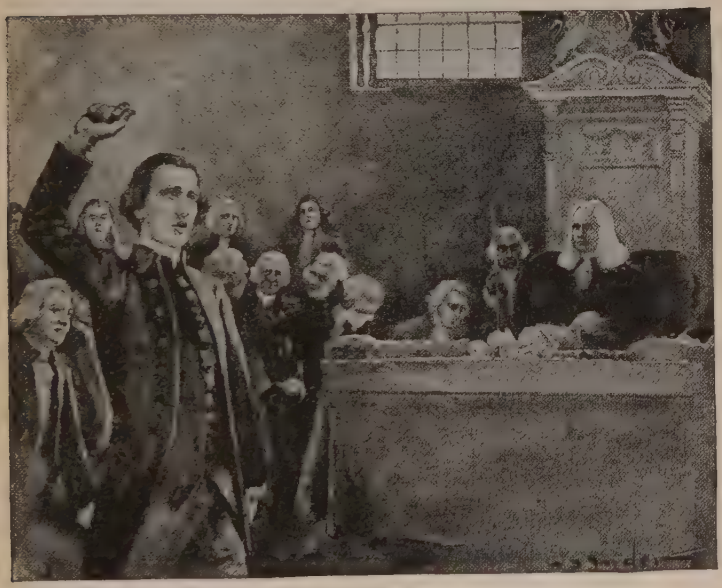
Some time afterward, when Jefferson was himself a law student and young Henry was a member of the House of Burgesses, which met at Williamsburg, matters between the King and the colonies were brought to a straitened pass by the issue of the Stamp Act. Henry felt at once that it was

time to rebel, and prepared his famous set of *Five Resolutions,* and went to the assembly chamber primed for the occasion. It is possible that he gave his young friend, whose guest he was, a hint of what he intended to do. At any rate, young Jefferson watched him intently. Suddenly he saw his friend draw himself to his full height and "sweep with a conqueror's gaze the entire audience before and about him."* Then, in a voice rich and full and musical, he poured out his impassioned plea for the liberties of the people. In the midst of it, his voice suddenly rang out in electric tones:

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—" He paused. The house was in an uproar. The Speaker and many of the members were upon their feet shouting, "Treason! Treason!" They thought that he was going to threaten the overthrow of George III, who was King of England and of the colonies. But young Henry did not flinch. He looked the Speaker squarely in the eye, and, with a superb gesture, added in a tone which thrilled all hearers, "May profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it."

Young Jefferson never forgot the scene. He listened enthusiastically to the heated debate which

followed. The "torrents of sublime eloquence" which fell from the lips of Patrick Henry almost took his breath away, and a well-spring of patriotism bubbled into being in his strong young heart. He resolved that he, too, would strive to serve his



PATRICK HENRY MAKING HIS IMMORTAL SPEECH

country, and to this end redoubled his studious efforts, sometimes spending fifteen hours a day over his books. The result was that he soon became the most accomplished scholar in America. He ex-

celled in mathematics and was acquainted with five languages beside his own.

But first and foremost Jefferson was a farmer. He once said: "No occupation is so delightful to me as the culture of the earth, and no culture comparable to that of the garden."

He celebrated the occasion of his coming of age by planting a beautiful avenue of trees near his house, which he had built upon a high hill and given the name of "Monticello," meaning "little mountain." He delighted in trying new things and imported a large number of trees and shrubs to beautify his grounds, which were marvelous indeed.

We are told that "his interests were wide and intense," but in nothing, perhaps, did he display a more unfaltering zeal than in the cause of education. In his epitaph, which he wrote himself, Jefferson makes no mention of his having been Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and President of the United States. Instead, there is a modest mention of the three things which he considered had won him his most enduring title to fame, viz.: that he was the "Author of the Declaration of Independence; of the statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." All of these

had *freedom* for their core. "Free government; free faith; free thought," says Ellis, in his biography—"these were the treasures which Thomas

MONTICELLO

Jefferson bequeathed to his country and his State; and who, it may well be asked, has ever left a nobler legacy to mankind?"

Jefferson was a member of the convention which met in Richmond in March, 1775, to decide what part Virginia should take in the coming war. He fully indorsed the words of his friend, Henry, when that "Demosthenes of the woods" electrified his hearers with the thrilling cry: "Gentlemen

may cry, 'Peace, peace!' but there is no peace! The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, *give me liberty or give me death!*"

When Washington was elected commander-in-chief, Jefferson took the place which he vacated in Congress. He was at once recognized as an influential member. No one was better than he on committees. He was so prompt, frank, and decisive. Again, no one had a clearer insight of a situation or understood his countrymen better. He was sagacious, wise, and prudent; by birth an aristocrat, but by nature a democrat. He cared very little for pomp and ceremony, and despised titles and the insignia of rank. He could not make a brilliant speech, but in his hand the pen waxed mighty indeed

Indeed, Jefferson is known to fame chiefly because of his authorship of that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence. In June, 1776, he

was appointed one of a committee of five to draw up such a document. The other members were

DISCUSSING THE DECLARATION*

Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. Providence must have decreed that the lot of writing it should fall to Jefferson, for no one else could have written it so

eloquently, so inspiringly. The achievement was dear to his heart, for he directed that these lines be carved upon the granite obelisk at his grave: "Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence." Glory enough for one man!

On New Year's Day, 1772, Jefferson was married to Mrs. Martha Wayles Skelton, a beautiful, childless young widow. Their life together was a most happy one; Jefferson was an ideal husband and father, and his wife was "one of the truest wives with which any man was ever blessed of heaven." She died just after the close of the Revolution. Six children were born to them, but only two — Martha and Mary — lived to grow up.

Jefferson looked at life through the lens of a philosopher. Here are ten rules which he considered necessary for a practical life:

"1 — Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today. 2 — Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. 3 — Never spend your money before you have it. 4 — Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap: it will be dear to you. 5 — Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold. 6 — We never repent of having eaten too little. 7 — Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8 — How much pain have cost us the evils which

have never happened! 9—Take things always by their smooth handle. 10—When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred."

THE HOUSE WHERE JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION*

Needless to say that he followed these rules to the letter.

Jefferson was known far and wide for his fairness and justice. He had hosts of friends everywhere, and he entertained them with such lavish hospitality that, in his old age, he was brought to the verge of want, and had to mortgage his estate.

Jefferson deplored slavery as a great moral and political evil. He once said: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." He treated the slaves on his large estate so kindly that they almost worshiped him. It is said that when he returned from his five years' absence as Minister to France, his negroes were so overjoyed that they took him from the carriage and carried him into the house, laughing and crying, and otherwise expressing their joy because "massa done got home again."

When Washington became President, he made Jefferson a member of his cabinet as Secretary of State. Here he collided with Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury. The two were exact opposites in many ways, and could no more mix than oil and water. It required all of Washington's tact to keep peace between them. "Each found the other so intolerable that he wished to resign that he might be freed from meeting him." At last Jefferson could stand it no longer. He resigned in January, 1794, and returned to his beloved farming at Monticello.

Two years later he and John Adams were the candidates for the Presidency. Adams received seventy-one votes and Jefferson sixty-eight. As

the law then stood, this made him Vice-President. Adams was a Federalist, Jefferson a Republican. Therefore, it was not perhaps to be expected that they should agree. Mr. Adams, however, did not try. He simply ignored Jefferson in all political matters. At the next election, Jefferson and Adams were again the candidates for the Presidency. Jefferson was elected. The quick-tempered Adams was so nettled over the affair that he arose at daybreak, on the day of the inaugural, and set out in his coach for Massachusetts, refusing to wait and see his successor installed in office. In later years, however, he repented of his foolishness. Jefferson and he became reconciled and kept up a friendly correspondence to the end of their lives.

As President, Jefferson was much beloved. His inauguration was observed as a national holiday throughout the country. Of course, this was distasteful to Jefferson, who hated pomp and ceremony. A story is on record to the effect that he rode to the Capitol on horseback and hitched his horse to the fence, while he went in, unattended, to take the oath of office.

Whether it be true or not, we know that during his term of office Jefferson frowned upon all display, and would have no honors shown to him that

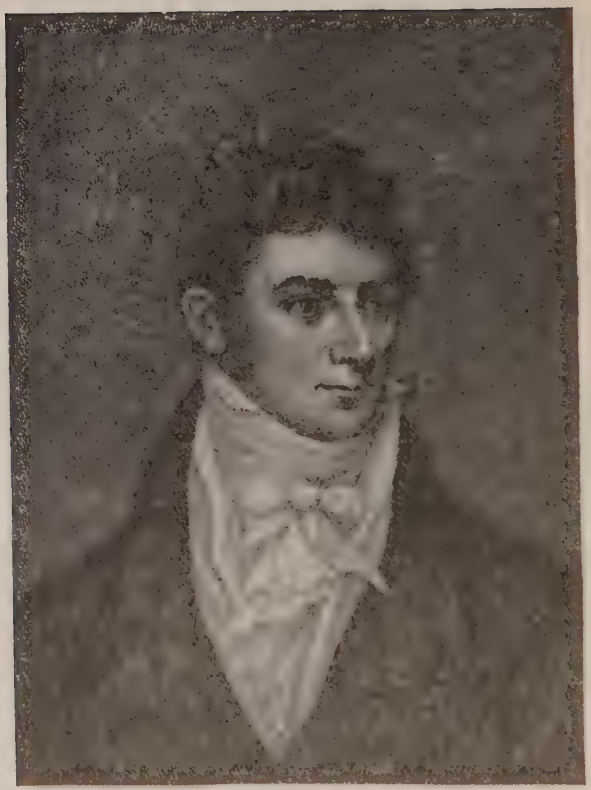
might not have been offered to him as a citizen.

Jefferson chose James Madison, his most intimate friend at that time, for his Secretary of State. Congenial men made up the remainder of the cabinet. This "happy family" worked together in peace and harmony throughout the two terms of Jefferson's presidency. Many important national events marked his administration. Chief of them all was the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from France, in 1803, for fifteen millions of dollars. Eleven entire States and parts of four others have since been carved from this vast domain.

Jefferson retired forever from public life at the close of his second term. "From that time," says Daniel Webster, "Mr. Jefferson lived as becomes a wise man. Surrounded by affectionate friends,* his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge undiminished; with uncommon health and unbroken spirits, he was able to enjoy largely the rational pleasures of life; and to partake of that public prosperity to which he had contributed so much. His kindness and hospitality; the charm of his conversation; the ease of his manners; and especially the full store of revolutionary incidents which he possessed, and which he knew when and how to dispense, rendered his abode attractive in a high degree to

his admiring countrymen. His high public and scientific character drew toward him every intelligent and educated traveler from abroad."

"The Sage of Monticello" died on the afternoon of July 4, 1826. A few hours afterward John Adams, too, breathed his last. Thus passed away, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the two men who had been the most instrumental in bringing it about. "Their country is their monument; its independence their epitaph."



ROBERT FULTON

ROBERT FULTON AND THE STEAMBOAT

In Revolutionary times and, indeed, for many years after, the people's easiest method of getting about, and of carrying their goods from one point to another, was by boats. There were but few roads, and these were sometimes almost impassable on account of ruts and mud. Breakdowns and upsets were of everyday occurrence. Passengers had frequently to help the driver of the stage-coach pull the wheels out of the mud before a journey could be completed. Accidents by water were few and the going easier and swifter. Dutch sloops and schooners were used considerably on the larger streams in the East, and all kinds of small sailboats and canoes were also in use.

On the Western rivers the flatboat was the most familiar form of craft. It was merely a box, some fifty or more feet in length, and about sixteen feet wide, and was propelled by long poles. As it was used chiefly to carry produce, it was usually torn to pieces at the end of the journey, after its cargo of flour, pork, lumber, molasses, etc., had been sold.

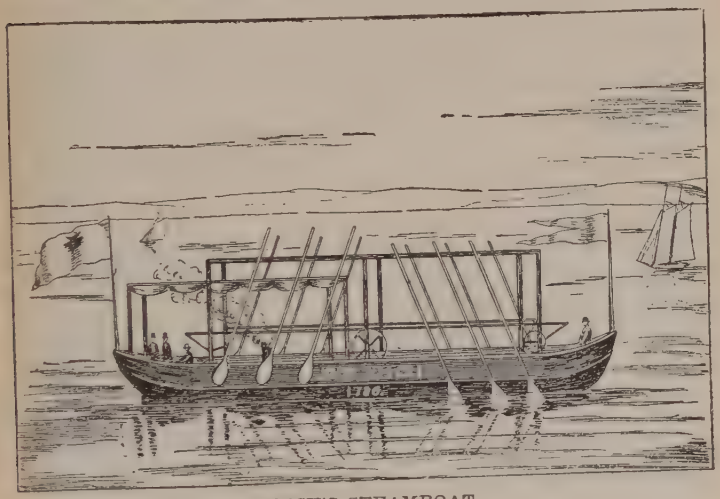
Hundreds of these boats went down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers every year, and even in this day an occasional one may be seen.

The favorite passenger craft was the keelboat. It plied up and down the rivers with more or less regularity, being pushed up stream with long poles. Where the current was too strong for this, the boatmen went ashore and hauled the craft along by ropes. Small wonder, then, that one of the problems of the day was to invent a boat which could move along with swiftness and ease, and which should not be dependent on the ever-varying wind for its speed.

James Watt, a Scotchman, had so improved the steam-engine that people began to hope that steam might be utilized to work for man. Naturally the thoughts of many inventors turned toward it.* Why could not some sort of machinery be devised for applying the power of the steam-engine to the movement of boats?

One ingenious Englishman tried to run a boat by making the engine push through the water a device shaped somewhat like a duck's foot. But it was not a success. In 1730 another Englishman, Dr. John Allen, tried to run a boat by taking in water through an opening in the bow of his boat,

and then driving it out at the stern with so much force as to push the boat forward. This, too, was a failure. In 1786 John Fitch, an American, built a steamboat and launched it on the Delaware. His boat was moved by means of a row of



FITCH'S STEAMBOAT

engine-worked paddles, arranged along its sides. For more than three months it plied up and down the river, but it moved so slowly that few passengers cared to ride in it.

Fitch grew ragged and poor, and at last gave up the trips. Three years later, another American, James Rumsey by name, built a steamboat; but, like Fitch's boat, it never became practicable.

Time passed. One inventor after another experimented with the steamboat and failed. People began to think that such a boat could not be built. But there were two Americans, over in Paris, who were not yet ready to give up. These were Chancellor Livingston, American Minister to France, and Robert Fulton, a young inventor. Both were much interested in steam navigation, and they formed a partnership for its promotion. Livingston was to furnish money and advice, and Fulton was to do the work.

Robert Fulton was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1765. His father was an Irish tailor. Young Robert, like many other boys, did not care to learn his father's trade. Neither was he especially interested in books. He was a born inventor, and also had considerable talent as an artist. At the age of seventeen he was a miniature painter in Philadelphia, and succeeded so well that in four years' time he was able to buy a little farm for his mother. After seeing her comfortably settled, he sailed for Europe to study art under the direction of Benjamin West.

But his inventive genius continually interfered with his studies. Every now and then he would abandon art and turn out some mechanical inven-

tion. One was a submarine torpedo, which he tried in vain to persuade Napoleon to buy. After entering into partnership with Livingston, he went over to England to see a steamboat which William Symington, a Scotchman, had invented. This

THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE CLERMONT, 1807

steamboat had a side-wheel, and was fashioned after an idea which Fulton had already in mind. It could make five miles per hour.

Young Fulton was certain that he could improve on Symington's model, and went back to France full of enthusiasm. The firm immediately built a boat which they launched on the river Seine; but it

broke in pieces when the engines were placed on board. Fulton proved his mettle by immediately building another boat. He was not a man to be disheartened by one failure. The second venture was more successful. He made a trial trip in sight of a large crowd of Parisians. The great Napoleon was deeply interested in the boat. "It is capable of changing the face of the world!" he exclaimed. Notwithstanding all this, the two Americans decided to return to their own country, where the need for steamboats was much greater.

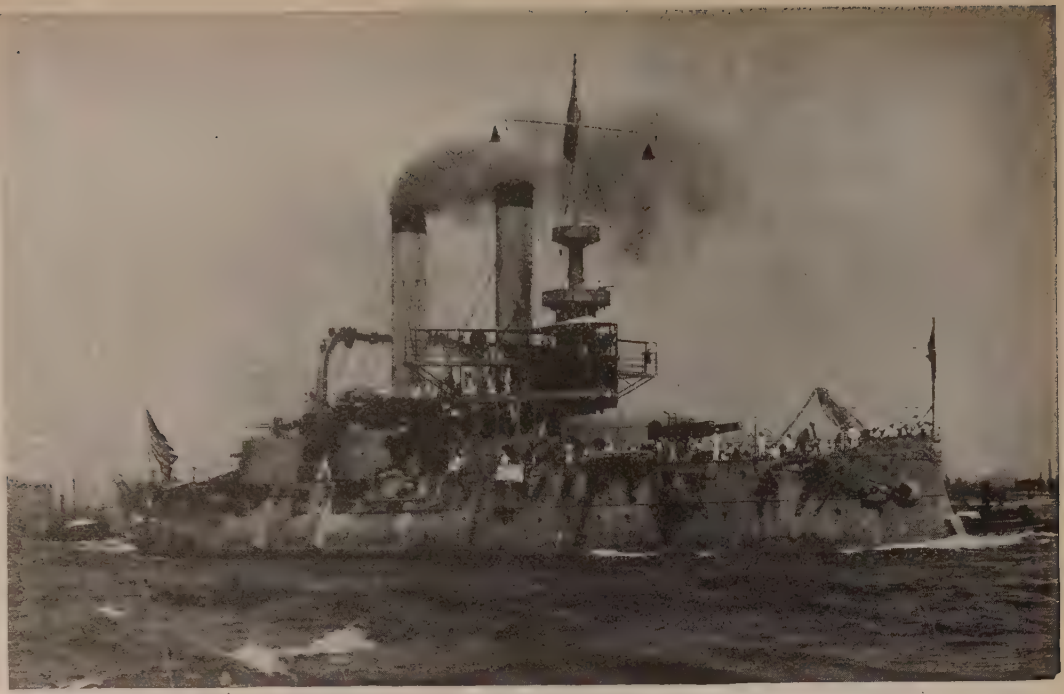
One of the first things to be done was to get the best engine which could be built. Fulton immediately sent to James Watt for an engine, which was to be fashioned according to his own plans. While it was being made, he set about building a steamboat at New York. The *Clermont* was the name he gave his model. It was the first side-wheel steamboat built in America. It did not appeal to the people at large. They laughed at it and styled it "Fulton's Folly"; but they assembled in large numbers when he was finally ready, one day in August, 1807, to watch it make a trial trip. It was an anxious moment to Fulton, as every one was sure he would fail; and, indeed, when the signal was given, the boat moved for a short distance,

then it stopped and became immovable. But Fulton hurried below and soon discovered the cause of the trouble. This being easily remedied, the boat went on.

The *Clermont* made the distance from New York to Albany (150 miles) in thirty-two hours and came back successfully. Still many pronounced it a failure, and declared that it could not be made to repeat the trip. But it did; and not once, but many times. Then the usefulness of the invention was, at last, appreciated. In 1808, a line of steamboats went regularly up and down the Hudson, and others were put in operation in various parts of the country.

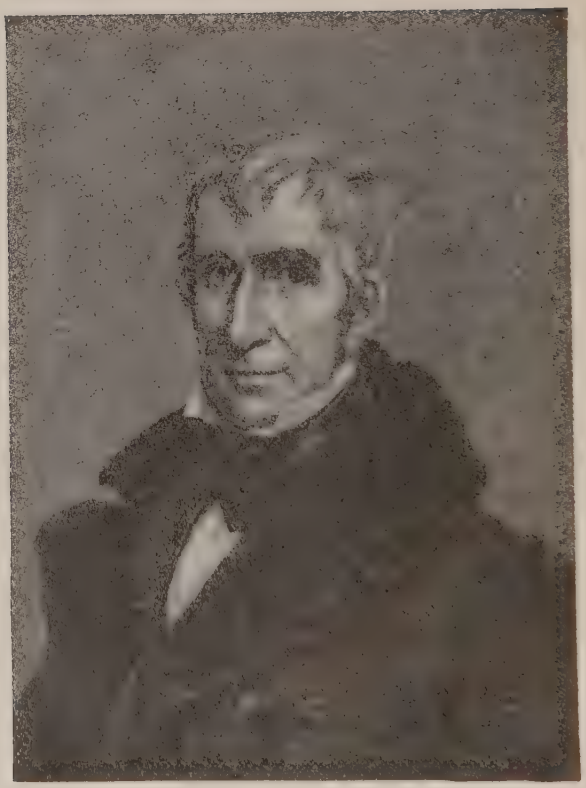
At first the steamboat created terror and consternation all along its way. For in those days newspapers were scarce and news traveled slowly. Few knew of its existence until the horrid monster "marched by on the tides, lighting its path by the fires which it vomited." This was especially true in the sparsely settled country along the Ohio and the Mississippi, where many amusing stories are told of the fear it inspired. Some of the vessels were run ashore to escape the terrible creature. The passengers and crews on board ships which could not get out of the way hid themselves in the hold to escape the dreadful doom which threatened them.

THE MAURETANIA, A TWENTIETH CENTURY ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP



THE MODERN BATTLESHIP

Robert Fulton died in New York, in 1815. He lived long enough, however, to see the beginning of the prophecy which Napoleon had made concerning his invention. Hundreds of steamboats were already in use in our country alone. Today they are numbered by the thousands. Not just like Fulton's model, to be sure; but built along the same general plan as that which he in turn had copied from Symington's invention. But neither man could ever in his wildest dreams have imagined the great ocean steamers and battleships that have grown out of their seemingly insignificant little boats. We give pictures of both so that you may judge for yourselves. In 1909 New York celebrated with a magnificent pageant the centennial of the first trip of the little *Clermont*, which was the real beginning of steam navigation, and the ter-centennial of the discovery of the Hudson River by Henry Hudson.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, THE HERO OF TIPPECANOE

When "Mad Anthony" Wayne was engaged in defending the settlers in the Ohio Valley, there came to his quarters, one day, a gallant young officer bearing a note of introduction from President Washington. This officer was William Henry Harrison. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a close friend of Washington. The young man had given up the study of medicine to fight the Indians, and Washington urged Wayne to make him useful. This the General promptly did by placing him on his staff.

No better opening could have been secured for a young man who desired to learn the principles of military tactics, and most carefully did he study the methods of "the chief who never sleeps." There were many opportunities that came to prove his mettle, and General Wayne soon found that he could depend upon his young aide, even in the face of overwhelming difficulties. Obstacles seemed to melt

before him, and he had the power of firing his men with his own courage and enthusiasm.

In 1801, when the new territory of Indiana was formed, embracing the country now comprised by the States of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, Harrison was made Governor because of his wide knowledge of Indians and frontier life generally, for it was felt that, sooner or later, trouble would again arise with the Indians.

The position was a difficult one, and for that reason, Harrison, who was anxious to rise to the head of his profession, accepted it all the more eagerly. Almost immediately he found himself pitted against a young Shawnee warrior called Tecumseh. This young savage had fought against Wayne in 1794. He was much opposed to the red men selling their lands, and maintained that no tribe had a right to sell without the consent of the other tribes. He was not a born chief, but he went here and there, airing his views, until he had quite a band of followers. Tecumseh was aided in his efforts to stir up the savages by his brother, an Indian prophet known as "The Open Door," who threatened the tribes with all sorts of evil if they did not join in the cause.

In 1810 Governor Harrison made a treaty at

Fort Wayne by which the Indians ceded to the United States a tract of about 3,000,000 acres of land along the upper Wabash. Some of this land included territory on which Tecumseh's Indians had settled, although they had no right to do so. The Shawnee chief was greatly enraged, and threatened to kill the Indians who had made the treaty. He immediately took to the warpath, and gathered about him enough Indians to endanger the whole Northwest. Still Governor Harrison hoped to settle the difficulty without war. To this end he invited Tecumseh and his leading chiefs to council with him at Vincennes. They accepted. But, when the white chief asked them to be seated upon the veranda of his home, Tecumseh refused. He said he preferred to have the council held in the grove, near at hand. In the discussion that followed Tecumseh grew very angry, and some of his warriors sprang to their feet, tomahawks in hand. Governor Harrison promptly drew his sword, and others of his party quickly presented arms of various kinds. They had feared treachery; and in a twinkling the soldiers bore down upon the Indians, but Harrison stopped them. He then told Tecumseh there was no use in trying to discuss things with an angry man, and bade him leave.

The next day Tecumseh sent a messenger to the Governor, saying that he was ready to talk with him at length, and to come to a friendly settlement if possible. This was what Harrison wanted. With only one companion, he went to the chief's tent. They were courteously received, and Harrison did his best to put the matter favorably before Tecumseh; but he could get no satisfaction, and was finally convinced that he was but wasting time.

The red chief immediately started southward to complete his plans for a general raid on the whites. Friendly Indians brought word of this to Governor Harrison, who thought, if there must be war, that he would rather choose the time and place.

A large number of Indians had collected at the Indian village of Tippecanoe, which was Tecumseh's home. "The Open Door" was in command, as the great red chief had not yet returned from his mission to the south, and here Harrison determined to attack without loss of time. Knowing that the Indians would try to ambush him if they suspected his intentions, he veiled his plans most carefully. Under cover of a hunting expedition, he advanced his forces up the opposite side of the Wabash almost to Tippecanoe. Here a messenger from the prophet came to them, November 6, 1811,

THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE

saying that the Indians were ready to make peace.

Harrison doubted this greatly. He told his men to hold themselves in readiness for attack at any moment. All that night the soldiers lay on their arms. About four o'clock a sentinel fired at a skulking Indian, and the war-whoop resounded on every hand. Harrison immediately ordered the camp-fires to be put out, and red men and white fought fiercely hand-to-hand in the darkness. Daylight saw many a painted savage stretched upon the ground beside his fallen foe. Moreover, Harrison's men had succeeded in scattering the savages in every direction, and in burning the village of Tippecanoe. For the time being all hope of carrying out Tecumseh's plan of driving the white people back over the Alleghenies was at an end. But neither Tecumseh nor his brother despaired. They were unhurt and had, in no wise, lost their hold upon their red brothers.

At this time England and France were engaged in a deadly struggle, and our American ships had been doing a fine business in carrying supplies to the two nations; but soon England tried to prevent the Americans from going to France, and France was just as eager to keep them out of England. American ships were captured and plun-

dered, and all sorts of trouble arose. To make matters worse, England began to overhaul our vessels on the high seas, and to carry away men to man her warships. Thus our foreign trade was well-nigh ruined and our liberty threatened. The elections of 1810 brought into Congress many men who were in favor of going to war with England to protect our commerce, and so on June 18, 1812, war was formally declared by Congress.

The Americans planned to invade Canada and conquer it before troops could arrive from England. To this end, William Hull, the Governor of Michigan Territory, was placed in command of the troops who were to invade Canada. But he proved entirely unfit for the trust. He marched bravely over the Canadian line, but made no effort to seize a British military post near by; and when news came that England had fortified Fort Mackinac, he withdrew to Detroit. Later, when the British general, Brock, crossed into Michigan he surrendered not only Detroit, but his army and the whole Territory of Michigan, without a fight.

Hull's shameful conduct drove the people of the West into a frenzy of anger. They quickly volunteered to form an army for the recapture of Detroit. The command was given to General

Winchester, a Revolutionary officer. But the soldiers wanted General Harrison, and finally went so far as to refuse to follow any other leader. Under these circumstances, the President was forced to give the command to Harrison, while General Winchester was placed second.

Scarcely had they begun to drill the troops when word came that Tecumseh and his followers had formed an alliance with the English. The combined forces had fallen upon the defenseless village of Frenchtown, in Michigan, on the River Raisin. General Winchester at once hurried forward to their relief. He was met by a large body of English and Indians, under the brutal General Proctor, in January, 1813. Winchester's men were so far outnumbered that he was forced to surrender under promise of protection. No sooner had he done so, however, than the Indians fell upon the prisoners with their tomahawks. As soon as Tecumseh learned what was going on he rushed to the rescue and stopped the murderous work.

General Harrison promptly hurried his forces into Fort Meigs. Here Proctor and Tecumseh, with a superior force, attacked him in May. But the garrison, sheltered behind the great earthworks, beat them off. Tecumseh was furiously angry.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

"Harrison is a miserable ground-hog," he declared. "He will not come out into the open and fight like a man!" Harrison, however, knew he could not hope for victory under such heavy odds, so he patiently bided his time. In July, the Indians fell upon him again in increased numbers, and again he repelled them. Stung with fury, a part of Proctor's command fell desperately upon the stockade at Fort Stephenson. This was commanded by the brave young Kentuckian, Major Croghan, who made a most brilliant defense and succeeded in holding the fort.

The cry "On to Canada!" now became strong indeed. But General Harrison was not yet ready. He knew that an invasion would not succeed until our country controlled the Great Lakes. So he waited to hear from Commodore Perry. That gallant young officer, with a gang of ship carpenters, had been hard at work since early the previous winter cutting down trees and using the green timber to construct a fleet with which he hoped to defeat the British squadron. On the first day of September word came that Perry had set sail with nine vessels. Fourteen days later General Harrison was overjoyed to receive Perry's famous dispatch: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

The way into Canada was now open. Harrison set out at once and soon had his army drawn up on the shore of Lake Erie. Here Perry met him and quickly helped to transport the troops to the Canadian side near Malden. This was the headquarters of Proctor and Tecumseh. Harrison marched upon them immediately, but when he reached the fort he found only smouldering ruins. Proctor had set fire to it and fled in deadly terror of the vengeance of the men whose only watchword was "Remember the River Raisin."

From one point to another Harrison chased the fleeing forces until, at last, he forced them to make a stand on the banks of the River Thames. Here, under cover of a wood, they prepared to fight in Indian fashion. Colonel Richard Johnson and his famous band of Kentuckians opened the assault. These men were used to riding pell-mell through the forest, with rifles in hand. It was impossible for the British to withstand their impetuous onslaught. The line broke, and their cowardly commander fled in haste for his life. The brave Tecumseh fell at his post and the howling savages became panic-stricken. The British straightway threw down their arms, and the whole force surrendered, October 5, 1813.

Shortly after this battle Harrison left the army,

and Generals Winfield Scott and Andrew Jackson finished the work which Harrison had begun.

For a time various important civil offices occupied Harrison's time, but he finally retired to his farm

THE DEATH OF TECUMSEH

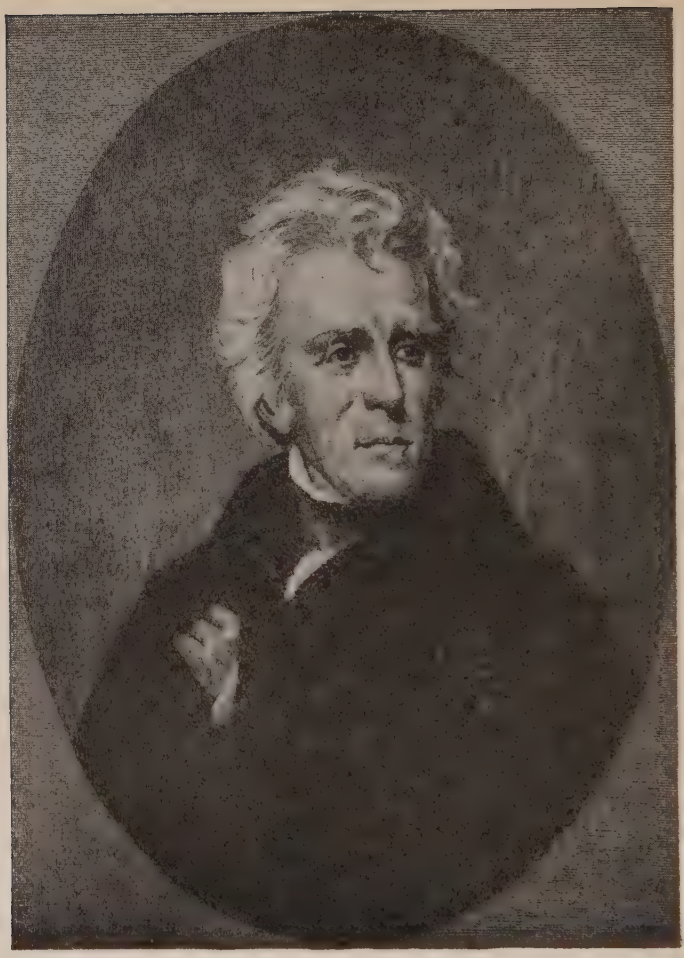
at North Bend, Ohio. Here, in 1840, he received the nomination for President of the United States on the Whig ticket. Party feeling in those days ran very high, and the Harrison campaign was one of the most exciting in the history of the country. The Democrats ridiculed their opponents' candidate for

his poverty and Western surroundings, and a certain newspaper declared that Harrison would be more at home "in a log cabin, drinking hard cider and skinning coons, than living in the White House as President."

This furnished the cue for the Whigs. They instantly made the log cabin the emblem of their party. All over the country log cabins (erected at some cross-road, village common, or vacant city lot) became the Whig headquarters. On the door was a coon skin, a leather latchstring hung out as a sign of hospitality, and beside the door stood a barrel of hard cider. Every Whig shouted for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and knew by heart all the songs in the famous *Log Cabin Songster*. Immense mass meetings were held. Weeks were spent in getting ready for them. In the West, where railroads were few, the people came in covered wagons with provisions, and camped on the ground days before the meeting. At a monster meeting held at Dayton, Ohio, 100,000 people were present, covering ten acres of ground.*

Of course, Harrison was triumphantly elected. He was the people's favorite, as had been plainly shown. They had not forgotten the great service he had rendered the country. He took the oath of

office March 4, 1841; but his career as President was short, for to the consternation and sorrow of the country, he died one month from the day of his inauguration. He was succeeded by Vice-President Tyler, whose administration greatly disappointed the admirers of General Harrison.



ANDREW JACKSON

ANDREW JACKSON, THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS

"HERE comes little Andy Jackson; let's have some fun, boys!" cried a big, freckle-faced lad, with a sly wink at his companions. "Hi, Andy! How's your nerve? Can you hit that pan on the fence?"

"Steady as steel; hand her over," answered the little chap, and reached a grimy hand for the heavy gun. He took careful aim. Bang! A yell went up from the boys, and the little marksman went down in a heap. The gun was the hardest "kicker" within fifty miles of the Carolina border, and many a huge joke had it helped to perpetrate. But this time there was no sport.

In a twinkling Andy had scrambled to his feet. His Irish blue eyes shot fire, and his red hair fairly stood on end, as he jerked the heavy gun into position, and yelled furiously: "Death to the boy that dares to laugh!"

Apologies were forthcoming and overtures for peace extended at once. Soon all were playing

merrily again, but Andy's comrades never again attempted sport at his expense.

When the Revolutionary War began, Andy was a lad of thirteen.* He longed, with all his fiery little soul, to take part in the struggle; but he was too young to enlist. Every moment he could spare that was not employed in fighting sham battles with his comrades was spent at the blacksmith shop hammering out weapons of various kinds. In the South the conflict was intensely bitter, neighbor often battling with neighbor. Andy managed to take part in several of these skirmishes.

On one occasion he and his brother joined an outlying picket post. The force was captured and the boys sent in, along with the other prisoners. The British Colonel took a fancy to Andy and decided to make him his page. He ordered the little chap to clean his boots. Andy indignantly refused and got a severe sword cut on his head for his impudence. His brother was treated in the same way. Then the two wounded lads were thrown into a wretched prison, where smallpox was raging. They caught the disease, and no doubt would have died had not their mother succeeded in getting them exchanged, and in nursing them back to health.

Years went by. "Little Andy" grew into an

athletic young giant. At the age of eighteen, having acquired a fair common school education, he began the study of law in the village of Salisbury. North Carolina was in the path of the settlers crossing the mountains to make homes in the rich lands to the westward. Soon the young law student caught the fever of emigration, and followed in the wake of the home seekers. He settled in Nashville, Tennessee, and began the practice of law. Here, in this rough new country disputes were often settled by bullet or cold steel, and it took a great deal of courage to practice law. But young Jackson was equal to every emergency. He was very brave, and so quick-tempered that he was feared by all who knew him.

Though a rough man, Jackson was honest and true in his own way. He was recognized as an able lawyer and rose to the distinction of Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. Later he became a member of the United States Senate. When the second war with England broke out, in 1812, he was made commander of a force of Tennessee volunteers sent to defend New Orleans. They marched as far as Natchez. Here an order reached Jackson to disband his troops at once, as they were not needed. The fiery young General vowed he

would do no such thing. "By the Eternal!" he cried, "if the United States cannot afford to buy food for my men and disband them decently, I can and will."

Accordingly he pledged his own property for supplies for his army, and marched them back to Tennessee. His spirit awoke the admiration of the officials at Washington, who had given the order unthinkingly, and they set him down as a man to be called upon in an emergency. His troops loved and honored him and respectfully dubbed him "Old Hickory," because in his hardness, toughness, and strength he reminded them of the tall, stately hickories of the forest.

In the autumn of 1812, when Tecumseh made his memorable trip into the Southwest, striving to stir up the Indians, he labored long and valiantly with the half-breed chief of the Creeks. This man was known to the whites as Wethersford, but his Indian followers called him Red Eagle. Tecumseh could not make him promise to make war on the whites, and he vowed to bring a terrible vengeance upon his tribe. Shortly afterward a comet appeared. Then a few weeks later a slight earthquake occurred. The Creeks felt assured that Tecumseh had indeed turned the hand of the Great

Spirit against them, and they resolved to take up the hatchet at once. They appealed to their Spanish neighbors at Pensacola, and through them succeeded in getting arms from the British. The white people of the surrounding country had fled for protection to Fort Mimms, not far from Mobile. Here the Creeks attacked them, in August, 1813, and the entire company of four hundred men, women, and children were slain.

A cry of horror went up all over the South. General Jackson, though ill in bed at the time with a painful wound, hurriedly marched into the wilderness to attack the savages. For a few days all went well. Then the hastily collected supplies gave out and the hungry soldiers rebelled. Half the men laid down their arms and turned homeward. But "Old Hickory" was too much for them. He fell upon them with the remaining half of his army and forced them to return.

Providentially the matter of supplies was soon solved, and Jackson was able to do good work with his wild mountaineers. In March, 1814, he fell upon a strongly fortified band of Creeks at Horseshoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River. A terrible fight ensued. Neither Red Eagle* nor Old Hickory would surrender. But the odds were too heavy.

The whites outnumbered the redmen, and soon the forest was dyed with the blood of the fallen savages. At length, most of the surviving Indians surrendered, and ceded a large part of their territory to the United States. Some, however, fled into Florida, which at that time belonged to Spain.

Word now came that a British force had landed at Pensacola and fortified themselves there, after being heavily reinforced by Florida Indians. Jackson was so ill that he could scarcely sit in the saddle, yet his fiery spirit was not subdued. "Zounds!" he cried. "Do those black-hearted Spanish and white-livered Seminoles think that they are going to give further aid to the enemies of our country? No, by the Eternal! Not if my name is 'Old Hickory'!" His angry enthusiasm electrified his troops, as always, and they were soon hastening southward by enforced marches. But it was November before they reached Pensacola, which soon fell before their resistless onslaught.

He was now called upon to hasten to the defense of New Orleans, as a fleet of fifty ships, carrying ten thousand of England's best fighting men, had just sailed from Jamaica for that point. England expected to take this far outlying post with the greatest ease. She would then have control of the

Mississippi River and could soon have the American nation at her mercy.

The ships came to anchor off Lake Borgne, about twenty miles from New Orleans, on December 9, 1814, in the midst of a driving storm. Twelve

From an old print

JACKSON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEW ORLEANS

hundred marines at once engaged the attention of the little fleet of five gunboats which guarded Lake Pontchartrain. In the fierce hand-to-hand fight which followed, three hundred British were killed and wounded. As the Americans had only two hun-

dred men, they could not long hold out against such heavy odds. The commander was severely wounded and his gunboats captured.

In the meantime all was excitement in the Creole City. Old Hickory had arrived a short time before and was busy creating an army out of such materials as he could find. It was hard work, for New Orleans was foreign in character, and had little in common with our people except a bitter hatred for the English. But the people were anxious to aid Jackson, and the force he raised was a motley crowd. "He formed companies of free colored men, and other companies of convicts taken from the prisons, and enlisted all the merchants and their clerks who were fit to fight." He even called in Lafitte, popularly known as the "Pirate of the Gulf," and his crew. "The streets resounded with *Yankee Doodle* and the *Marseillaise,* sung in English, French, and Spanish."

Jackson was encouraged by the arrival of Colonel Coffee with some three hundred Tennessee volunteers, whose mettle he had himself tested in the furious war with the Creeks. Colonel Carroll and his famous riflemen from Nashville also floated down the river in flatboats and marched into the city on the same day that the British arrived. Clad

in coonskin caps, buckskin shirts, and fringed leggins, with their long rifles slung over their shoulders and hunting-knives in their belts, these tall gaunt fellows carried a sense of security wherever they went. Old Hickory felt it, and determined upon instant action.

That evening, while the British were eating their supper, they were surprised at the appearance of a strange vessel, which dropped quietly down the river and anchored within musket shot. A few inquiring shots were hurled at her. The answer was a deep, hoarse voice: "Now, give it to them, boys, for the honor of America!" and shot and shell rained on every hand. One hundred men were killed or disabled in less than ten minutes. The British hastily trampled out their camp-fires, and fled behind the levee for shelter.

Shortly afterward Jackson charged upon them, and the surprise was complete. For more than two hours the darkness was rife with deadly hand-to-hand fights between the British bayonets and the American hunting-knives. The struggle was ended by a thick fog which crept up from the river, enshrouding friend and foe alike.

New Orleans was now safe from immediate attack. Jackson had gained what he desired—

time to throw up intrenchments and thus make his position secure. The British had lost more than five hundred in killed and wounded, and been filled with a little whole-souled respect for the Americans. Still, they did not anticipate defeat, and when Sir Edward Pakenham arrived, on Christmas morning, they spent the day in fitting celebration.

Early the next morning Pakenham was at work mounting cannon in a redoubt* on the bank of the river. As soon as his guns were in position he began to throw red-hot shells at the two war vessels on the Mississippi. The little *Carolina*, which had given the British such a warm reception on the night of their arrival, soon blew up. The other vessel was towed out of range and escaped.

The following day Pakenham advanced upon the city. About three miles out he came upon an advance guard of the Americans and was driven back by a brisk fire. Nothing more was attempted until shortly after midnight on New Year's morning, when Pakenham, under the cover of darkness, advanced his men to within three hundred yards of Jackson's first intrenchments. The morning was foggy, and the Americans, behind their barricade of cotton bales, knew nothing of the presence of the enemy until about ten o'clock, when a slight

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

breeze lifted the mist. There, before their astonished gaze, frowned the English cannon. At the same moment the guns roared and the cotton bales caught fire.

But it took a good deal to dismay those staunch men of the woods. In a twinkling, the Tennessee riflemen were cracking away with a murderous fire; the cannon were returning shells with interest; the *Louisiana* had drawn in at close range and was raking Pakenham's defense of sugar hogsheads into a thousand pieces. Altogether, the British were getting a warm reception — so warm, indeed, that after a few moments Pakenham fell back to safer quarters. For sixty hours Jackson made it so lively for the invaders that they had opportunity for neither food nor rest.

Pakenham drew off still farther and sat down to consider the matter. Jackson improved the time by further strengthening his intrenchments. "He had redoubts thrown up, even to the city itself. The main line of defense, over which not a single British soldier passed, except as a prisoner, was a mud bank about a mile and a half long. In front of it was a ditch — or half-choked canal — which ran from the river to an impassable cypress swamp on the left wing." *

Finally the British General made up his mind to storm the Americans on both sides of the river at once. All night long, Saturday, January 7, he spent in preparing for the conflict. Jackson, on the other hand, was *ready*. Shortly after midnight, however, he mounted his horse and rode from post to post, making sure that every man was in his place and everything in readiness for the fray.

Early morning (January 8) showed the long line of red-coated veterans in readiness. Immediately the bugle sounded and the line advanced. Jackson's riflemen watched them stolidly; only the cannon impeded their progress. But each furious thunder mowed a long lane through the advancing battalions. On they came on the double-quick, the strongest side making for Jackson's left wing, which a deserter had told them was the weakest spot in the defenses. So it was, so far as earthworks were concerned; but it was just here that General Jackson had placed Carroll and his deadly riflemen. Quietly the men waited until the advancing column had covered nearly three-fourths of the distance. Then Colonel Carroll's voice rang out in one quick, clear command, "Fire!"

The result was almost a miracle. A sheet of flame burst from the earthworks, and not a rifle

cracked in vain. In addition to this, "an old thirty-two-pounder had been loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, the first volley of which killed or wounded two hundred of the enemy." It was more than flesh and blood could endure. The advancing line faltered, stopped, broke, and ran in confusion.

General Pakenham rushed to the rescue with eight hundred Highlanders, the very flower of the army. An attempt was made to rush across the ditch, and a few men were successful, but Death met them the moment their heads showed on the other side. From the mud earthwork belched forth a continuous sheet of flame as the grim riflemen delivered their death-dealing volume. Again the proud column gave way.

"Forward, men, forward!" cried the brave Pakenham. "Don't give way! The day is ours!"

But the day was not theirs, and the men knew it, though they gallantly responded to the call of their chief. A rifle ball shattered Pakenham's leg; another killed his horse; and, finally, a third laid him low in the dust. All about him were strewn the brilliantly uniformed officers. They were easy marks for the sharpshooters. The Highlanders, too proud to run, stormed the ditch until but few of their number were left. These dauntless soldiers

then slowly retired with their faces toward the foe.

The Americans were safe behind their breastworks. The flag flew gayly; the band played a rousing tune; and the guns of death roared hideously. In twenty-five minutes all was over. The

THE HERMITAGE

British retreated out of harm's way, and the Battle of New Orleans went down in history as one of the most amazing conflicts ever fought. The Americans had eight killed and fourteen wounded; the British loss was seven hundred killed; fourteen hundred wounded; and five hundred prisoners!

But the sad part of it all was that the battle was unnecessary. Peace had been declared about two weeks before. Had there been steam vessels or telegraphs in 1815, the life of many a brave man would have been saved. For a week and more the two armies glared at each other from the safety of their intrenchments. Finally, General Lambert skillfully retreated to his ships, and soon afterward the fleet sailed for England.

So ended the siege of New Orleans and the hopes of the British for gaining a foothold on United States territory. People could not say enough in praise of "Old Hickory." He became "the darling of his country." Honors fell upon him thick and fast. Even to this day his memory is revered in the Creole city, where the Battle of New Orleans is still celebrated.

In 1817, trouble arose with the Creeks and Seminoles in Florida, and General Jackson was sent down to settle the disturbance. This he did in his usual fiery fashion. Utterly disregarding the fact that the Indians were on Spanish soil, he rushed over the border, took the villages of St. Marks and Pensacola, reduced the Indians to a peaceable condition, and hanged two English traders as spies! This was a serious matter, and for a time Congress

fairly trembled. Important treaties were then under way with Spain and Great Britain, and they feared that his acts would stop them. But happily nothing came of the affair. In 1819, when Florida was purchased from Spain, Jackson was sent down to take possession of the country.

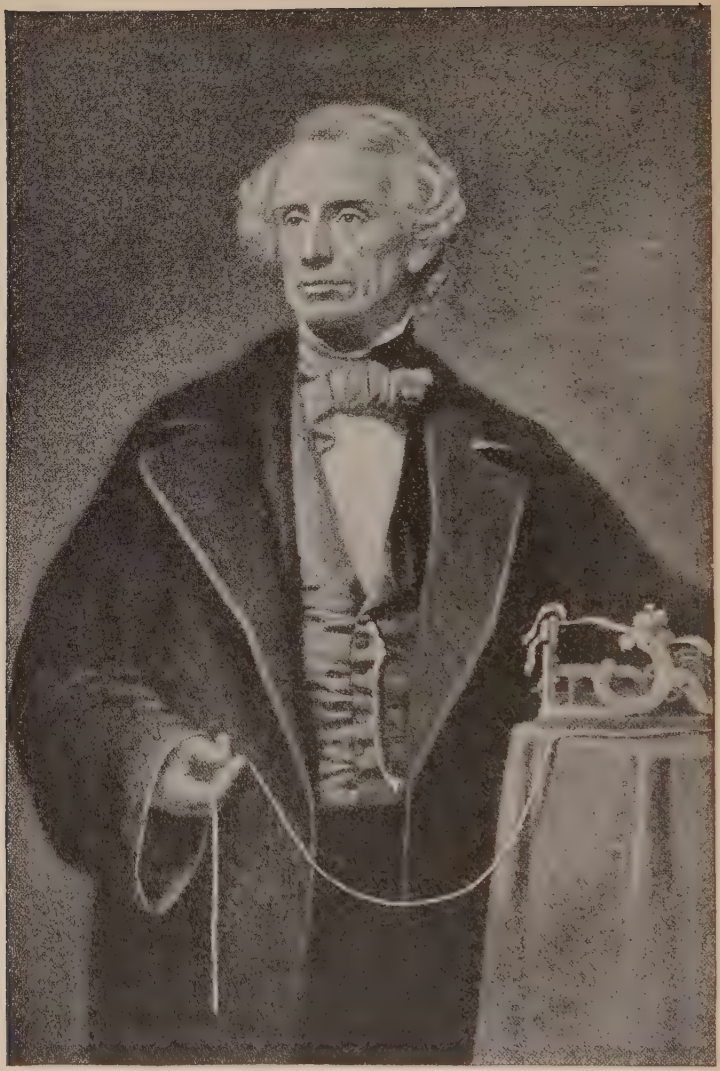
Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1824. There were three other candidates in the field. None of them received a majority of votes, and the choice was made by the House of Representatives. John Quincy Adams was elected. Jackson's friends were bitterly disappointed. They accused Adams of having a secret understanding with Henry Clay, who was Speaker of the House. There was no proof that such bargain had been made, but no Jackson follower could be convinced of it. A strong party rose in his favor. They called themselves "Jackson men" or Democratic Republicans, and at once nominated Jackson for the next President.

Up to this time the Presidents had all been chosen from those who had enjoyed the advantages of wealth and education.* Now a cry rose for a man of the people. Jackson was such a man; rough in speech and plain in manner, but with many qualities to commend him to the public. He became the

people's candidate and was elected, in 1828, by an overwhelming majority.

In the Presidential chair "Old Hickory" ruled with a strong hand. He was the first President to put out of office those who had voted against him, and to appoint his own friends in their places. He managed affairs with other nations in such a manner as to make the United States greatly respected abroad. He served two terms, and at the close of his administration was still so popular with his party that he was able to dictate the choice of his successor. This was his friend and Secretary of State — Martin Van Buren.

Jackson was the last President who had had any part in the Revolution. He died at The Hermitage, his home near Nashville, in 1854. "He was a man of iron will and fierce passions; obstinate but honest in his opinions, and one of the ablest soldiers America has ever produced."



PROFESSOR SAMUEL F. MORSE

SAMUEL MORSE AND THE TELEGRAPH

Can you imagine what the world was like before Benjamin Franklin unlocked the doors to the world of electricity with the key of his own house door, a silk kite, and a piece of hemp string? Then no swift wire messengers of thought encircled the globe. News traveled slowly. It sometimes took weeks and weeks to get a letter or a message from even one part of our own country to another, to say nothing of crossing the ocean and journeying into foreign lands. The introduction of the locomotive into this country, in 1829, was a great boon to news distribution, but it was the invention of the telegraph, in 1837, which carried news with the lightning's rapidity, that really revolutionized the world.

This marvelous invention was the work of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, and is a monument of his perseverance and courage, of his industry and self-denial. Often its struggling author went without bread and meat, to buy wire and chemicals for his experiments. He worked early and late,

and never for one moment gave up hope of success, even when certain defeat seemed to stare him in the face.

Like all men who have achieved greatness, Samuel Morse had a studious childhood and youth. He was born in Charleston, Mass., in 1791. When he was four years old he was sent to school to an old lady who was lame and not able to leave her chair. She managed her scholars with a long rattan stick. Little Samuel was very apt at making pictures, and often drew caricatures of the old dame and his schoolmates when he should have been about the tasks set for him; consequently the cane often flourished in his direction. But, fortunately, it did not break up his love for drawing.

As he grew older he made up his mind to go to college. He studied hard and finally managed to enter Yale College. From the very first he took a deep interest in experiments in electricity, but he could ill afford to buy material for private experiments. He had to pay his own way, and was often much exercised how to earn enough to purchase the necessaries of life. His early talent for drawing and painting stood him in good stead during this time. In those days there were no photographers. When people wanted pictures of themselves

they had to have them painted. This was usually done on ivory. Young Morse was most skillful at such work, and in this way earned many an honest dollar.

He became absorbed in the work and, shortly after leaving college, went to Europe to study art, where he soon acquired no little fame as an historical and portrait painter. But fame did not bring him riches. He returned to America at the end of four years as poor as when he left, and began seriously to think of turning his talents to some other purpose.

Like Fulton, he had considerable inventive genius and, as a lad, had made many mechanical toys and useful contrivances for his home; but none of them had any money value. He now interested his brother in the invention of a pump. But the pump not proving a success, young Morse was forced to give it up and travel from town to town painting portraits for a living.

By and by he scraped up money enough to go abroad again. Here he lived, chiefly in Paris, until he had passed his forty-first year. Then he sailed for America once more. One evening, in the cabin of the ship, something was said about electricity. One of the gentlemen told of an interesting

experiment which he had seen performed in Paris recently. Electricity had been sent instantaneously through a great length of wire arranged in circles about a room.

The incident appealed instantly to Morse's inventive genius. "If such a thing were possible," he asked himself, "why could not messages be sent long distances by means of electricity?" He retired to his bunk and at once began to plan a telegraph. But you may be sure it was not all done that evening. He made many drawings before he evolved a plan which seemed practical.

The idea on which he worked was not a new one. Since Volta had discovered that two different metals, when joined together in contact with acid water and separated from other substances, produced a current of electricity which would travel any distance, so long as the circuit was not broken, scientists had thought it might be possible to use this current for making signals at a distance. Yet there was always the difficulty of how to make the signs at the other end.

Morse saw at once that an operator, by depressing and raising a button at his end of the wire, might alternately break and complete the electric circuit in such a manner as to make it instantly perceived

at the other end of the wire. The number and length of these interruptions of the circuit would stand for the different letters of the alphabet. He, therefore, devoted his time to planning a machine which should record the telegraphic alphabet on paper tapes. He also experimented on making batteries of various kinds.

But all this took time and money. Morse had little of either to spare for experiments. He told his brothers about his invention, and they good-naturedly gave him a room for a studio, though they had little faith in his inventive genius. Morse went on painting portraits and teaching drawing, using the time when most men were sleeping, and all the other precious moments which he could hoard, for the perfection of his scheme.

Finally, in 1835, Morse was made Professor of Fine Arts in the University of the City of New York. Later he became President of the New York National Academy of Design — an office which he held for many years. But these positions of honor brought him little money. He was still too poor to carry out his plans. He took one of his brother professors into partnership, but their combined resources proved insufficient to perfect their machine and bring it before the public in any sort of

practical test. Both were convinced of its value, however, and refused to let circumstances discourage them.

One day, when they were exhibiting their invention to a party of friends, by means of seventeen hundred feet of wire stretched back and forth across the room, a student named Alfred Vail happened in. He was the son of Judge Vail, a wealthy mill-owner. The young man had spent some years in his father's shops, and was a far better mechanic than either Morse or Gale. His quick eye immediately took in the details of the scheme, and he was filled with enthusiasm.

"There is no reason why it should not work!" he exclaimed heartily. "Of course, you mean to try it out on a large scale?"

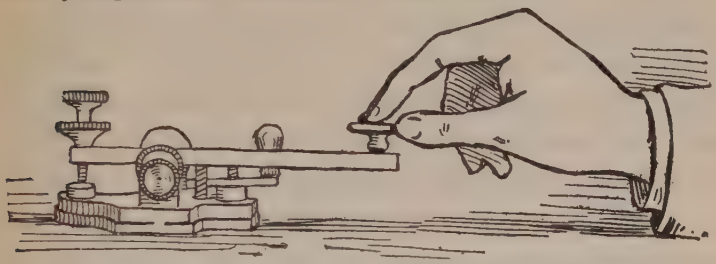
"We do if we can get the money," answered Professor Morse.

"Money?" cried Vail, who was not accustomed to stop for want of that commodity. "*Money?* Will you take me into partnership if I furnish the funds necessary to carry out your plans?"

"Yes," agreed Morse and Gale, almost in one breath.

"Very well," said Vail; "tell me just what you hope to do."

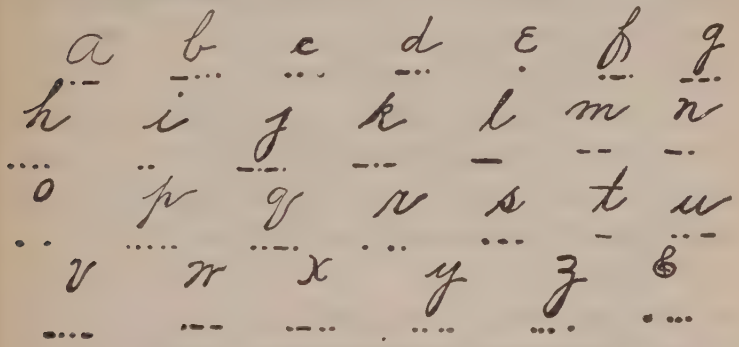
For a long time they talked and planned; then young Vail rushed off to interest his father. The old Judge was decidedly doubtful, but he finally



THE MORSE INSTRUMENT FOR SENDING MESSAGES

promised to advance two thousand dollars for the making of a perfect telegraph.

"But, mind you, not one cent more will I give!" he exclaimed, resolutely. "If it is a success, you



THE MORSE TELEGRAPHIC ALPHABET

can put the matter before Congress. They are interested in public improvement, and ought to fur-

nish the money to build the first line. If it fails, you will have been provided with a season's amusement, and it would cost about that much, anyway!"

So Judge Vail washed his hands of the matter; but his son was well satisfied. He fitted up a workshop in one of the factory rooms at Speedwell, N. J., near his own home. Here, with the help of a lad fifteen years old, whom he took from the factory, he worked for many months behind locked doors; sometimes so absorbed that the day passed into night and came again without his leaving the shop. He made several improvements in Morse's machine. The Professor had planned a series of zigzag marks for the alphabet. Vail made the machine write in dots and dashes, and composed the telegraphic alphabet as shown on page 193.

While Vail perfected the machine Morse was busy getting out a patent, and Gale was making batteries. The construction of the first telegraphic circuit moved slowly; but at last a day came when the telegraph was as complete as the inventors knew how to make it.

"William," said young Vail, joyfully, "run up to the house and ask father to come down and see the telegraph machine work."

The excited lad, in his shop clothes and without

a coat, burst in upon the old Judge and eagerly made known his errand. Judge Vail had all along testily refused to look at the machine. But now he followed the boy back to the little room without a word. He wrote upon a slip of paper, "A patient waiter is no loser," and handed it to his son.

"There," he said, "if you can send that so Professor Morse can read it at the other end of the wire, I shall be convinced."

This was done in a twinkling, and the old Judge was overjoyed.

"It is wonderful!" he cried, "*wonderful!* How do you propose to string the wires?"

Professor Morse modestly explained the plan of sinking a hollow pipe into the earth and running the wires through it.

"Then," cried the Judge, his eyes alight with enthusiasm, "you have the greatest invention of the age! You have made it possible to unite the old world and the new, for wires can be laid in the ocean's bed. I congratulate you from the depths of my heart!"

Others, however, were not so quick to grasp the importance of the telegraph. Business men were slow to try new things in those days, and Judge Vail stuck to the idea of having the government

build the first line. Finally, in 1842, five years later, the House of Representatives passed a bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars for the construction of a telegraph, on Morse's plan, from Washington to Baltimore. The bill had yet to pass the Senate and receive the President's signature before it could become a law. A large number of appropriations of one kind and another were in advance of it, and the friends of the telegraph had every reason to fear that the bill would be killed in the Senate.

The last hours of the session drew nigh, and Professor Morse, who had been in Washington for days doing what he could to advance the interests of his invention, was buoyed up with hope one moment, and in the depths of despair the next. Then a senatorial friend came to him and told him that the bill could not possibly be passed; there were too many others before it. But the next morning, while he was at breakfast, Miss Ellsworth, the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, brought Morse word that his bill had passed the night before. For a moment he could not speak for joy; then he thanked Miss Ellsworth for her kindness and said that she should send the first message over the telegraph line.

As it had been Morse's original plan to lay the wires in underground pipes, work on the ditches was begun at once. But, when only seven thousand dollars were left of the thirty thousand appropriated, it was discovered that the naked wires let the electricity escape into the ground. Clearly a line built in this fashion would never be a success. What was to be done? After much perplexity, the machine for digging the ditches was purposely run against a stone and broken. This furnished an excuse for delaying matters, and gave the inventor a chance to plan something else.

After a year's delay it was decided to stretch the wires on poles. This was accomplished in 1844, and Miss Ellsworth sent the first message flashing over the wire from Washington to Baltimore — a distance of forty miles. It was, "What hath God wrought!" The first news sent by telegraph was that James K. Polk had been nominated for President.

The introduction of the telegraph into general use was very slow. People did not understand its mechanism, and they would not believe the messages that came over the wire until they could verify them by the mail. At first the operators worked for nothing, and slept under their telegraph

tables. Soon, however, business men began to gain confidence in the telegraph and its success was assured. In 1845, New York and Philadelphia were connected; but, as wires could not be made to work under water, the messages were received on the New Jersey side of the Hudson and carried to New York by boat. By 1856, telegraph lines were spread well over our country and in foreign lands as well. Professor Morse was now no longer in need of money. He was honored, both at home and abroad, and had in his possession many valuable decorations in gold and diamonds, which were given to him by foreign powers.

When the telegraph first rose to popularity in our country some forty companies competed for the business. This was ruinous, and, in 1856, a union of Western companies was formed and called the Western Union Telegraph Company. Today it has more than seventy thousand offices, and has in use more than a million and a half miles of wire. It has a capital stock of a hundred million dollars, and does the greater part of the telegraph business in the United States.

From the very first, Professor Morse had an idea that a telegraph line could be built under water, but he never experimented with the ocean

cable. This was left to Cyrus W. Field, who, in 1858, laid the first telegraph cable across the Atlantic Ocean.

Professor Morse lived to be eighty-one years of age. He saw his invention in use all over the world; but, doubtless, he never thought of the telegraph as being used for anything but the sending of messages. What would he say could he return to earth and see how alarm bells and time bells are rung by means of the telegraph, and how clock hands at points remote from each other are moved in unison? Above all, what would he say of that wonderful invention of today — wireless telegraphy?

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, OUR GREAT NAVAL COMMANDER

In the year 1801 there was born in a certain comfortable log cabin not far from Knoxville, Tenn., a baby boy who was destined to become famous. David Glasgow Farragut the little one was christened, and he soon grew into a sturdy little chap wholly befitting his name.

His father, Major George Farragut, was a leader among the hardy frontiersmen in his section. A Spaniard by birth, from a good old fighting stock, he came to America in 1776 and fought with great credit in the Revolution. He was brave and daring to the point of recklessness. He had his own ideas for bringing up his three boys, and used to take them with him on all kinds of perilous enterprises, to teach them courage and self-reliance. In 1807 a friend secured for him a sailing-master's commission and the command of Gunboat 11, then stationed at New Orleans. He started immediately for his new post, leaving his wife to follow later with the children and household effects on a flatboat.

Most women would have shrunk in dismay from the undertaking; but Elizabeth Farragut was no ordinary woman. Their home stood on the edge of the unbroken forest; wolves and hostile Indians prowled about; and she had often been called upon to defend herself and children. She knew that the new home was situated in a troubled and perilous part of the country; yet she embarked on the long and tedious journey as cheerfully as though she were merely setting out on a pleasure trip with her little flock.

Shortly after their arrival at the new home, David, then a little lad of six summers, had his first ride on salt water. It was across Lake Pontchartrain in a yawl* with his father, in the midst of a driving gale. This was the beginning of David's many trips with his father and brothers in all kinds of crafts and in all kinds of weather. When the sailing-master's friends remonstrated with him for subjecting his sons to so much danger, he would laughingly reply: "Now is the time to conquer their fears! I want them to be able to go where danger calls, and to face peril with unruffled composure."

Associated with George Farragut at the New Orleans naval station was Captain David Porter,

of Revolutionary fame. He was a man well advanced in years, and in poor health. One day Farragut found him in the bottom of a small fishing boat, unconscious from sunstroke. He at once carried the unfortunate man to his plantation, where Mrs. Farragut attempted to nurse him back to health. In a few days, however, she was stricken with yellow fever, and her death followed Porter's so closely that the two were buried on the same day.

Not long afterward, the Captain's son, Commander David Porter, came to New Orleans to take charge of the naval station. He was so grateful to the Farragut family for their kindness to his father that he offered to adopt one of the motherless boys and train him for the navy. The lot fell to David, now a lad of seven years. His elder brother, William, was already a midshipman,* and the lad had heard a great deal about the glories and adventures of a military career.

Commander Porter had distinguished himself in the naval war with France and in many remarkable fights with pirate crews in the West Indies and the Mediterranean. None was better acquainted with military tactics than he, nor was more kind and chivalrous. Had Farragut sought far and wide, he could not have found a better guardian and teacher

for his little son. That the boy soon stood high in the affections of the Captain is evident. He took him at once to his own home, and there set about training him by daily companionship, much as the lad's own father had done.

David enjoyed the adventurous life on board the gunboats in river and bayou; now chasing the famous pirates, Jean and Pierre Lafitte; and again sailing about on some government errand, whose chief value to the lad lay in impressing upon him the importance of doing one's duty faithfully in the small things as well as in the great.

Finally, the good Captain carried David away to Washington and placed him in school there. They called on the Secretary of the Navy. He looked with favor upon the sturdy little lad. "Study hard, David," he said, "and when you are ten years old I will make you a midshipman."

In the latter part of 1810, Captain Porter was relieved of duty at New Orleans, and journeyed North to see how David was getting on at school. The lad begged so hard to be taken away that the Captain persuaded the Secretary of the Navy to "issue a midshipman's warrant to the little chap," who was then just nine years, five months, and twelve days old. Captain Porter, however, had no

place ready on his vessel then; so, after a short vacation, he put the boy in school at Chester, Pa.

Here David waited for nearly a year. Then a summons came to join his guardian at Norfolk, Va. He was to serve under Captain Porter on the frigate *Essex,** one of the most noble ships of the navy, and a vessel destined to win fame in the War of 1812 second only to that achieved by the *Constitution.*

Barnes, in his *Midshipman Farragut,* tells us that, according to Captain Porter, David was made up of "three pounds of uniform and seventy pounds of fight." And we may well believe it when we remember the fighting stock of his Spanish ancestors, and the examples of courage and daring which his parents had ever set before him. He was, moreover, a jolly, active lad,—"the life of the midshipmen's mess," as another of his biographers states, "full of fun and as agile as a cat."

The *Essex* carried a crew of three hundred fifty brave men, and was manned by a Captain so willing and eager for the fray that, like Paul Jones, he was ever "venturing in harm's way." But we have not space here to follow her course. You may read all about it in Spears' *David G. Farragut.* There, also, you may read a full account of how the young midshipman commanded a ship when but twelve years

of age. Briefly, it happened in this wise: The *Essex,* in her campaign of clearing the sea of British whalers, captured a number of prizes not far from the equator in the South Pacific. Captain Porter changed the name of the swiftest of these to the *Essex Junior,* and manned her with a picked crew under his faithful and trusted Lieutenant Downes, whom he instructed to convoy four of the captured ships to the harbor of Valparaiso. Each of these ships was also provided with Captain and crew, and on one of them, the *Barclay,* Midshipman Farragut shipped as Captain with a crew of faithful fellows from the *Essex.*

All went well until on a certain day the *Barclay* fell behind the other ships. The navigating officer was Captain Randall, the ship's former commander. He was an old seaman, and in no humor to take orders from a twelve-year-old midshipman. He determined to seize the ship and go whaling as soon as he could get clear of the *Essex Junior.* He began to bluster about in a way calculated to overawe the lad and his crew; but Farragut was not to be intimidated. He considered that the time had come for him to be a man, so he faced the sailing-master and stoutly ordered him to fill away the maintopsail and overtake the *Essex Junior.*

"I will shoot the first man who dares to touch a rope without my orders!" yelled Captain Randall, beside himself with rage. "I will go my own course. I have no idea of trusting myself with a miserable nutshell!"

He rushed below for his pistols. Midshipman Farragut at once summoned his faithful lieutenant

BATTLE OF THE ESSEX WITH THE CHERUB AND PHOEBE

and explained the situation, telling him at the same time that he wished the maintopsail filled away. "He answered, 'Ay, ay, sir!' in a manner which was not to be misunderstood," says Farragut, in his diary, "and my confidence was perfectly restored." From that moment the lad was master of his ship. He ordered Captain Randall not to come on deck

with his pistols, unless he wished to go overboard, and gave orders to overtake the *Essex Junior*.

Arriving abreast of her in a few hours' time, young Farragut went over and reported the circumstances to Captain Downes. Randall also went over and attempted to palm the matter off as a practical joke on the young midshipman to test his nerve. Captain Downes was not for a moment deceived; but, at the request of young Farragut, he sent the two back to the *Barclay*, with the midshipman still serving as master, and as such he continued until port was reached. There Captain Downes learned that a British squadron was on its way to capture the *Essex*, and he rushed away with all speed to warn Porter, carrying along the officers and men who had handled the prize ships. All in all, in one cruise that was not a year long, "the *Essex*—a ship that had cost but $154,687.77 fully armed and equipped for war—had earned in damage done to the enemy, and in property saved for her nation, at least six million dollars."

But she was not now in condition to wrestle with a strong enemy such as was approaching, and Captain Porter made haste to get his fleet to Valparaiso, where both the *Essex* and *Essex Junior* might be repaired and made fit for a fight.

How the *Cherub* and the *Phoebe,* two fine ships from the enemy's squadron, at last engaged them there and conquered them by force of numbers, is too long a story to tell here. It is sufficient to know that our midshipman fought bravely and well and, at last, threw down his arms with tears in his eyes.

Porter arranged with the victor for the privilege of carrying his officers and crew home on parole in the *Essex Junior.* Shortly after arriving in New York, he took young Farragut to Chester, Pa., where he placed him in a school managed by "a queer old individual, named Neif," who conducted a school as odd as himself. The pupils were drilled like soldiers; studied no books; and rambled about in the fields with their master, who taught them geology, mineralogy, botany, and the languages in a truly delightful fashion as they went.

In 1814, Farragut, then almost fourteen years old, was exchanged and assigned for ship duty on a brig which was to make up one of a squadron with which Commodore Porter hoped to damage the enemy's commerce in the West Indies. For the next three or four years Midshipman Farragut served faithfully here and there, striving in odd hours to get an education. For, by this time, he had made up his mind to become a great naval com-

mander, and to this end bent all his energies. The latter part of 1817 found him, by his own request, in the quaint old city of Tunis, "the Gate of the Orient," studying hard under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Folsom, the United States Consul.

In 1819, young Farragut became acting lieutenant under Porter. When orders came for them to proceed against the West Indian pirates, our hero rejoiced. The fleet cruised along the Cuban coast, without meeting a pirate, as all had been warned of their approach. They finally anchored in disappointment at the naval station at Key West. For more than two years they cruised about the Southern seas without accomplishing the glory which young Farragut had fondly pictured when they set out, for piracy had already received its death blow.

On September 2, 1824, Farragut was married to Miss Susan Marchant, of Norfolk, Va. He was devotedly attached to his wife, who, after years of ill health, died at Norfolk, December 20, 1840.

Young Farragut was commissioned a full-fledged lieutenant in 1825. He was on the *Natchez*, in Charleston harbor, in the memorable year of 1833, when South Carolina was threatening to withdraw from the Union because of the high tariff* laws.

Andrew Jackson, the famous "Old Hickory," was then President. He was not himself in favor of a protective tariff, but he did not believe that the Union could long hold together if any State could thus nullify a national law. So he told them that *the laws of the United States must be enforced,* and sent word to the collector at Charleston to collect the usual duties, by force if necessary, and ordered the *Natchez* and other battleships to be on hand to assist him. But the gunboats were not called upon, as South Carolina did not secede.

Farragut was given a ship of his own in 1841. For two years he was stationed at a South Atlantic port, and then was returned to Norfolk. Here, December 26, 1843, he married Miss Virginia Loyall, of that city. During the Mexican War he commanded the *Saratoga,* one of Commodore Perry's fleet of gunboats.

When the Civil War broke out, Farragut, who had, in the meantime, been made a Captain, was again stationed at Norfolk. He was a Southerner, with a warm love for the South and its people; but more than forty years before he had given oath to support the Constitution and to protect the nation's flag, and he now saw no reason why he should not remain firm for the Union. Not being willing to

cast his lot with the Confederacy, he at once left Norfolk, with his wife and child, and went to Hastings-on-the-Hudson, where he waited appointment. For some time he waited in vain, amidst all sorts of suspicions and indignities. Those in authority hesitated to choose him for fear that he might be lukewarm in the Union cause. But at last, in December, 1861, he was chosen to command an important naval expedition against New Orleans — the principal city in the South, as she commanded the Mississippi.

As commander of the "Southern Gulf-Blockading Squadron," Farragut had a fleet of seven sloops-of-war, a large side-wheel ship-of-war, and nine gunboats; besides the steamers of the mortar flotilla* under the immediate command of his adopted brother, Commander D. D. Porter. Farragut's flagship was the *Hartford*. The task before Farragut was one to test the bravery and skill of the most skillful and undaunted commander. New Orleans was defended by Forts Jackson and St. Philip — two strong forts on the opposite side of the Mississippi, at Plaquemine Bend, where the river is not more than half a mile wide. Below these a formidable boom of cypress logs, cables, and dismantled boat hulks stretched across the stream, in the form

FARRAGUT'S FLEET PASSING THE FORTS ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI

of a floating bridge or a "truss lying flat on the water." Above the forts lay a strong Confederate fleet of fifteen vessels, among them being the famous iron-clad ram* *Manassas*. But our hero was not one to be frightened by obstacles. He steamed up to the barrier on April 18, 1862, and began a fierce bombardment with the mortar boats.

Five days of heavy firing made no impression on the forts. Indeed, Farragut had not expected that it would. The plan was made before he accepted command, and he had not protested, for he knew that later he could shape his course as he pleased. All along he had been determined to pass the forts if the mortars failed; so now he called his Captains to the flagship to discuss how best this might be done. Of course, the first thing was to break the boom. Lieutenant Caldwell, of the *Itasca*, at once volunteered to do this, if another vessel would support him. This Lieutenant Crosby, of the *Pinola*, was eager to do. So at ten o'clock on the night of April 20 the two vessels set forth on their perilous undertaking.

Captain Porter opened fire with the mortars, hoping thus to cover the advance of the vessels, but they were soon seen and subjected to a heavy cannonade. Neither one thought of turning back. They

attacked the raft with energy and tried to break it with a torpedo. But the electric wires parted and frustrated this plan. The *Itasca* then managed to get a firm hold of one of the hulks, but she grounded herself while trying to jerk it from the raft. The *Pinola* came to the rescue and, after breaking two hawsers, managed to pull the *Itasca* from the mud, and to bring her tow with her.

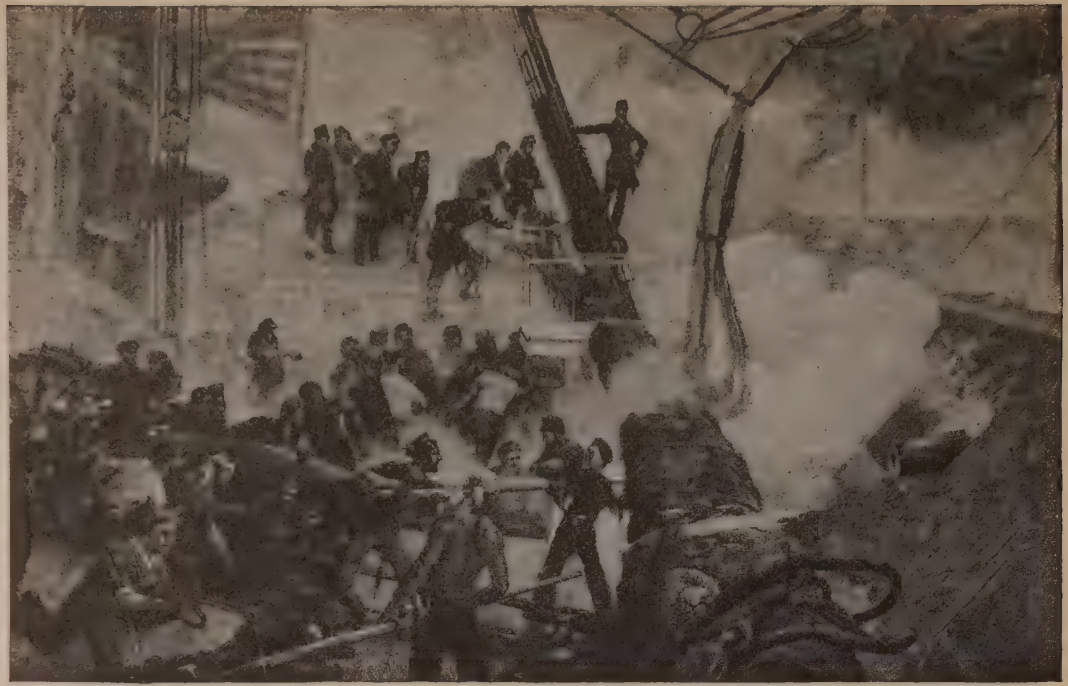
The space where the old hulk had been was wide enough to allow the *Itasca* to pass. Lieutenant Caldwell at once took advantage of this. He slipped through, turned about, and drove with a full head of steam into the raft, which was, of course, much weaker on that side. The hulks parted at once, and the chain was effectually broken. A little more work and the old boats were freed of logs and cables and left to drift down stream. The way was opened most gloriously, without even an attempt from the Confederate gunboats to check the process — a fact that, according to Spear, has never been explained.

How the gunboats passed the barrier and worked their way past the hostile forts is too long a story to tell here. It was accomplished under a terrible fire. Not only did the Confederates man every gun which they possessed, but they towed out raft after

raft, "piled high with blazing pine and tar," and cast them loose upon the river to work such destruction as they might. Something of the awful strain of the conflict may be gleaned from a letter which Farragut wrote to his wife the day after the battle. "I am so agitated that I can scarcely write," he said, "and I shall only tell you that it has pleased Almighty God to preserve my life through a fire such as the world has scarcely known."

The tale of Farragut's further struggles and triumphs in opening the Mississippi is of thrilling interest but too long to dwell on in this brief sketch. In appreciation of his glorious work, "one of the greatest victories of any time," Congress created for him the rank of Rear-Admiral.

In January, 1864, Farragut journeyed southward for his last great battle — the capture of Mobile. You may read the story of the desperate struggle in Mobile Bay, the greatest sea-fight in our history, in many places.* Farragut spoke of it as "one of the hardest victories of my life, and the most desperate battle I ever fought since the days of the old *Essex*." Congress created the new rank of Vice-Admiral to do him honor. The citizens of New York met him on his return with a set of resolutions recognizing his "illustrious service, heroic bravery,



FARRAGUT LASHED TO THE RIGGING AT THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY

and tried loyalty." They also begged him to become a citizen of New York, and presented him a purse of fifty thousand dollars as a means to that end.

Two years later, Congress, believing that it was unjust to the navy not to rank its leader as high as the greatest general on shore, further honored Farragut by making him an Admiral, with a salary of ten thousand dollars per year and a secretary whose salary "should be equal to the sea pay of a lieutenant of the navy." He was the first to hold that rank in the American navy. It was well bestowed, for Admiral Farragut, with the exception of Nelson, was the peer of the greatest sea-captains of all time.

In June, 1867, Farragut was sent to command the European squadron. His wife accompanied him. The story of their triumphal cruise along the coast of the Old World, where the people did their best to show all honor and appreciation to the great Admiral, is told in Montgomery's *The Cruise of Admiral Farragut*. Two years later he visited the Pacific coast and was delightfully entertained by the Californians. On his return he was taken very ill in Chicago. It was found that his heart was seriously affected and that the end could not be far away. He died August 14, 1870, while visiting

his kinsman, Rear-Admiral Pennock, of the Portsmouth navy yards. His body was temporarily laid to rest at Portsmouth. In September, the Navy Department carried it to New York, where a great public funeral was held and the body interred in a beautiful plot in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Congress ordered a twenty thousand dollar monument for the man who was a commander at twelve, and who had given sixty years of faithful and supreme service to his country. It is a bronze statue of the Admiral and was erected in Farragut Square, Washington. On May 21, 1881, the citizens of New York unveiled a fine statue of their beloved hero in Madison Square.

Jas. B. Eads

JAMES B. EADS, THE MASTER ENGINEER

In the first half of the nineteenth century* there lived in Cincinnati, Ohio, a gentleman who had his small fortune swept away at one stroke. He then decided to go to Louisville, Ky., where better opportunities seemed to await him. In those days the Ohio River was the natural highway between the two towns, and Mr. Eads and his family took passage on one of the steamboats which plied between them.

On the trip his small nine-year-old boy hung spellbound about the boat's engine. He asked all sorts of questions of the good-natured engineer, who did his best to explain things to the lad's satisfaction. The father was delighted to find his mischievous boy so greatly interested. Here, perhaps, was the very thing needed to make a fine man of him; so, after they had become settled in their new home, he asked James how he would like a workshop and tools of his own.

The boy was overjoyed and gave his father no rest until the promised shop was ready. Here he

tinkered quietly away for hours at a time. And such wonderful models of sawmills, fire-engines, steamboats, and electrotyping machines as he made with only the chance instruction he had found on the boat! The boy was a natural mechanic, and had a large bump of inventive genius besides.

But misfortune seemed to pursue the father. He was so unsuccessful in Louisville that he resolved to try his fortune farther West. Having decided to open a shop in St. Louis, he sent his family ahead by steamboat, intending to follow later with their household goods and supplies for the shop on a flatboat.

Just as the boat on which they took passage entered St. Louis she caught fire. The Eads family escaped, barely clothed, and thus found themselves penniless and alone in a strange place. It was a cold, bleak morning, and their situation was desperate indeed. But Mrs. Eads was a resourceful woman. She had long been used to making the best of things.

So she did not now sit down to weep and bewail her "hard luck"; instead, she turned eagerly to some kind French ladies, who had come forward with offers of help, and in a short time she had rented a house and was keeping boarders!

James, as resourceful and reliant as his mother, at once set about finding a way to help her. He was only thirteen, and not very rugged. No one seemed to be needing a boy. But he did not despair. He knew he would find something, if he kept on. Presently, while passing a fruit stand, a bright idea came to him. He touched his cap respectfully and stepped up to the vender.

"What will you give me, Mister," he asked, "to sell a basket of those apples for you?"

The man looked at him sharply. Fortunately, he was a good judge of character and knew an honest countenance when he saw it. So he named a price, and James started off with a small basket of apples, confident of success. In less than an hour he was back for more. This time the dealer gave him a much larger basket than before, which he disposed of with equal success. Before night this had been repeated many times. The fruit dealer was delighted, and offered the lad a generous commission to sell apples daily. Of course, James was glad to accept, and for some time he rustled trade with unbounded success.

But James had too much talent for the apple business. A merchant who was one of his mother's boarders liked his pluck, and soon offered him a

good situation, which he gladly accepted. The gentleman saw that he was fond of books, and gave him the use of his library. Works upon mechanics and engineering were his favorites. He had a passion for watching machinery in motion, and engineers were always pleased to explain fully to him the various parts of an engine. So the boy obtained both a practical and a theoretical knowledge of engineering. He also added materially to his education by steady miscellaneous reading.

At the end of five years, warned by continual poor health, James left the dry-goods business and took a clerkship on a steamboat. Here he had a fine opportunity to learn all about the machinery of the boat and to study navigation at the same time. He was never idle. When off duty he was studying the river—its channel; its sandbars; its cross-currents; and all the hindrances to free navigation, from St. Louis to the Gulf. He was as well-posted in steamboating on the Mississippi as any old pilot at the wheel. And at this time (1839) the class of river pilots was a large and respectable one, for no steamboat could ply up and down the river without the aid of these alert and skillful men.

To understand the problems of these men, it is necessary to know something about the Mississippi.

This great river drains the larger part of the United States. Its branches touch the Alleghenies on the East, and the Rockies on the West. The main stream is four thousand two hundred miles long, and averages about a mile in width, though sometimes, in the spring and fall freshets, it rises with a terrifying rapidity and overflows its banks in certain places until it is sixty miles wide. Frequently, when the flood subsides, it is found that the current has chosen a new channel.

The water always flows along with tremendous force, ceaselessly eating away its banks, and carrying a muddy sediment. The clay that is washed off in the bends is deposited in the juts; and so the river goes on changing the outline of its banks from day to day. Here and there are hidden sandbars and snags capable of wrecking and sinking the strongest boats, and this is often done in spite of the most careful pilots.

This capricious river ever held a strange fascination for James Eads, and well it might, for it was the scene of the future triumphs of his engineering genius. He longed to thwart and conquer it, and, in 1842, gave up his clerkship to organize a "wrecking company," whose business it would be to raise wrecked ships and save their cargoes.

The business proved to be an unbounded success. The insurance companies were willing to give the wreckers a large interest — sometimes nearly half of the rescued cargoes — and there was a law by which a vessel that had been wrecked for five years belonged to anyone who could rescue it. Eads and his partners worked up and down the river for hundreds of miles, with a variety of appliances for pumping out sand; for raising hulls; for diving, etc., most of which were the inventions of young Eads himself.

Success did not spoil our hero. He had no great dreams of fame in the future, and he seems not to have thought of turning his clever inventive genius into capital. He was an earnest, hard-working young man, devoted to the comfort and happiness of his parents, whom he established on a farm in Iowa he had purchased for them. His grandson describes him at twenty-five as "generous, proud, brave, and courteous; reverent in religion, a lover of nature, of poetry, of people, and of good books; and an inveterate early riser."

About this time young Eads married Miss Martha Dillon, of St. Louis, and retired from the hazardous wrecking business. In company with others, he built the first glass factory west of the

Ohio River and started in to learn a business of which he knew nothing at all. From the very first the odds were too heavy, and, after running two years, the works were obliged to shut down.

James found himself twenty-five thousand dollars in debt; but neither he nor his creditors seem to have been alarmed. The men he owed had such faith in his ability and integrity that they advanced him fifteen hundred dollars with which to go back into the wrecking business. He bought in with his former partners, and was soon busily striving to pay off his indebtedness. So well did he succeed that in ten years' time he was entirely free of debt, and had, besides, his share of the half million which his company was then worth.

In 1849 Eads became so prosperous that he had no need, as he wrote to his wife, of joining the rush to the gold fields of California. He began to clear the channel of the river and to improve the harbor of St. Louis. In 1856 he asked Congress to commission him to remove all the obstructions in the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Arkansas, and the Ohio, and to keep their channels open for a term of years. A bill for this purpose found favor in the House, but was killed in the Senate. The following year Eads retired from business on account

of his increasing poor health. His wife had died some time before. He now married his cousin's widow and sailed for Europe. On his return he bought a home and put in his time improving it, and for two years lived a life of leisure, the only resting-place in his busy life.

Then the War of the Rebellion broke out. President Lincoln at once saw the necessity of controlling the Mississippi. Attorney-General Bates, a Missouri man and warm personal friend of James B. Eads, at once proposed sending for him, as the person most able to give them all the information they needed about the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and the use of steamboats upon them. Eads responded with eagerness to the summons. Later, when the government asked for bids for a fleet of gunboats for the Mississippi, he was the lowest bidder and was awarded the contract, promising to have the gunboats ready for action in the incredibly short space of sixty-five days!

It was a task to quell the stoutest heart, and none but a rich man would have dared to undertake it. Turmoil and confusion were everywhere; machine-shops, foundries, rolling-mills, saw-mills, and forges were all idle, and many of the workmen had gone to war. It would take the work of several well-

equipped factories to get the boats completed in time, and Eads went to work with a self-reliance and energy equaled only by his patriotism. He risked all his princely fortune to get the work done.

Reproduced from Harper's Weekly, October, 1861

GUNBOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN 1861

"Most of the machine shops and foundries of St. Louis were at once set to work night and day, and, for hours at a time, the telegraph wires to Pittsburg and to Cincinnati were in use. Twenty-one steam-engines and thirty-five boilers were needed. Prepared timber was brought from eight different States, and the first iron plating used in

the war was rolled not only in St. Louis and Cincinnati but in small towns in Ohio and Kentucky. Within two weeks four thousand men were at work in places miles apart — working by night and seven days a week." *

At last the seven gunboats were finished, and no greater feat was accomplished during the war. To be sure they were not done quite on time, but they would have been had not Congress been unduly meddlesome and stingy. Eads used all of his own fortune and then called on patriotic friends to assist him. No doubt he felt amply repaid later for his persevering, self-sacrificing patriotism. For he rejoiced with exceeding satisfaction in the great good his boats were able to do for the cause. Historians have given him great credit for his work. Boynton tells us that "such men deserve a place in history by the side of those who fought our battles."

But the patriotic usefulness of James B. Eads did not end with the construction of the many gunboats he built first and last for the navy. Many checks went from his hand for the relief of sufferers in the war. He was especially kind and considerate to the boys in gray. Indeed, giving to others seems always to have afforded Mr. Eads much pleasure.

His manners were calm and dignified, more like

those of a European gentleman of birth and breeding, than of a man who had worked hard most of his life. "His hospitality was princely," says his biographer. "In his large house in the suburbs of St. Louis he received not only the young friends of his five daughters and his own friends, but also officers of the river fleet and of the army; officers sent West on inspection duty, and foreign officers following the course of the war, and of the improvements in gunboat building. His mind was as active as his heart was generous, and the course of his life mirrored that activity. Now he was at home; now in Washington; now at Cairo visiting the gunboats to see how they worked under fire." He was always busy with some kind of plan or project; but, no matter how busy, he managed to get a little time each day for solid reading. Thus he kept abreast of the times and added continually to his culture and education.

The war seems to have aroused Eads to a great desire to be helpful. Naturally he turned to the Mississippi for the field of his activities. The people of St. Louis wanted a bridge across the Mississippi to the Illinois shore. Eads drafted a plan for this bridge which all the old engineers declared to be impracticable; but, in spite of the most formidable

obstacles the bridge was finally built according to his plan. This grand highway of the nation cost ten millions of dollars. It stands, ninety feet above the floods, a monument to the creative genius of the self-reliant "apple boy" who knew no such word as fail.

The building of the bridge, with all the vast energies it required, did not, for one moment, cloud the purpose which had now become the cherished object of James B. Eads' life — that of opening the Mississippi to large ocean-going ships. He was a man capable of doing more than one great undertaking at a time, ill* in body as he was; and he daily turned the problem of river improvement over in his mind.

Below New Orleans the river becomes a sluggish wanderer, dividing into many mouths or "passes," and creeping through the marshlands into the Gulf. The end of each shallow mouth was formerly blocked by a sandbar. These obstructions were the despair of the river commerce, and of the engineers who studied the problem of their removal.

Various schemes had been suggested for deepening the river channel, such as stirring up the bottom, dredging, constructing jetties,* and building a ship canal from New Orleans to the Gulf. The

THE EADS BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI AT ST. LOUIS

first two were tried repeatedly without success. A contract was let for the construction of a jetty system, but the builders were unable to cope with its obstacles and gave up in despair. A bill for the construction of a ship canal was already in the House when Eads came forward with the solution which he had at last worked out.

"All things being equal," said he, in his simple, straightforward way, "the amount of sediment which a river can carry is in direct proportion to its velocity. Wherever the current becomes slower it drops part of its burden; when it becomes faster, it picks up more. One thing that makes a river slower is an increase of width. Now, then, if you will narrow the Mississippi at its mouth, it will become faster; consequently, it will pick up more sediment and carry it out into the Gulf. The thing is as simple as A-B-C: aid the river to keep its waters together, and it will scour out its own bottom."

Of course his plan met with great opposition. Those who were interested in building the ship canal opposed it on business motives; the government engineers were against it because they were jealous of Eads; others were against it because his plan involved building jetties, which had been proven

impossible. But our hero was greater than the opposition. He had studied many jetties in Europe. He knew they could be used in the Mississippi, and he had faith in his own power to build them. Moreover, he soon succeeded in making many others think so too.

He wanted eleven million dollars to make a channel deep enough to float ships drawing twenty-eight feet of water. This was considerably less than the ship canal people were asking for; still Congress hesitated. Then Eads offered to take the contract at his own figures, and wait for his pay until the work was finished and accepted by Congress.

Still so loud and weighty were the objections that Congress asked a little time to consider. A commission of capable engineers was sent to Europe to look into the matter. Eads also went abroad and made a careful study of the works at the mouth of the Danube, the Rhone, and other rivers of importance.

When he returned, Congress was ready to accept his offer, with provisions. He wanted to put his works in the Southwest Pass — the largest of the mouths and the one best adapted to the needs of commerce. But Congress would not listen to this at all. It favored the South Pass, a channel about

one-third the size of the other, both in width and volume of water; but it wanted the same results that could be expected of the larger! And instead of increasing the payment to correspond with the greater difficulties, it wanted the work done for less money! Eads pleaded, argued, and reasoned, but the government stood firm; and, finally, so great was his desire to do the work, that he accepted their terms.

Soon houses were built on the marsh for a large force of engineers and workmen, and the great task was begun with his customary dispatch. The work progressed amidst a storm of difficulties, but no obstacle was too great for Eads. "He grappled with great problems in engineering, and solved them as easily as a boy subtracts two from six."* All the world knows the result of his efforts. Today the jetty system so piles up the mighty floods of the Mississippi in heaps that the great ships of all nations can come and go at pleasure.

Eads was now of world-wide fame, and was wanted all over the globe for advice and assistance in engineering matters.

At the age of fifty-nine he removed to New York, where he might "be more in the center of things!" He made extensive private tours in the

THE MOUTH OF SOUTH PASS, SHOWING EADS JETTIES

search of health and engineering knowledge. He explored about eight hundred miles of the Danube; he visited the Suez Canal and a canal in Amsterdam, for already the question of the canal across the American isthmus was stirring, and he was deeply interested. Many honors and awards came to him, chief among them being the Albert Medal bestowed upon him by England, "as a token of appreciation for the services he had rendered to the science of engineering." He refused scores of political honors, among them being the offer of the nomination for the presidency.

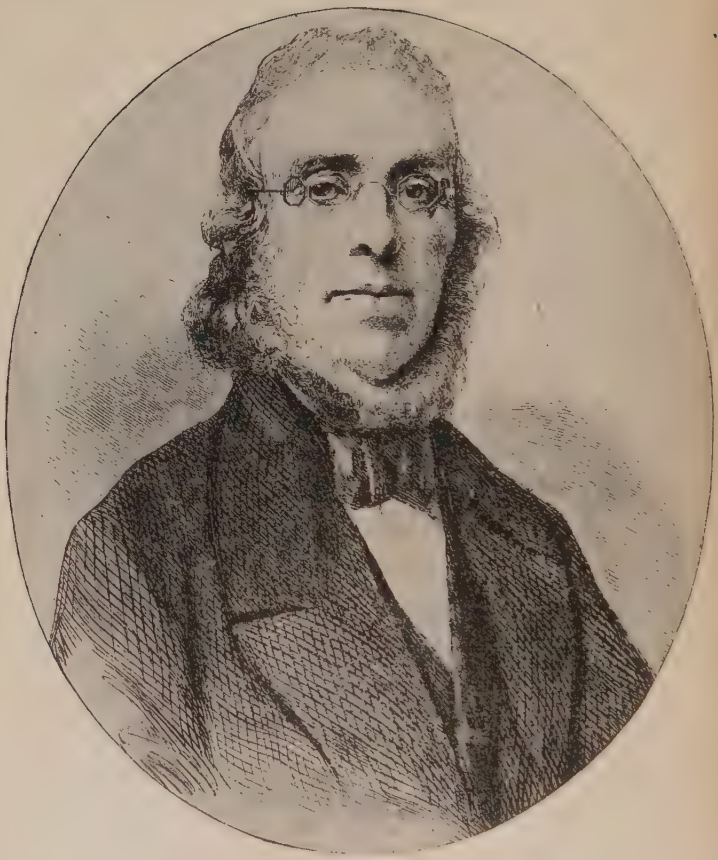
At sixty years of age, we find him "rich, honored, and frail: not content to rest on the laurels of his gunboats, his bridge, or his jetties," but full of a scheme to build a ship-railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. This was to take the place of the proposed Panama Canal. People were astounded, and called the idea "a decidedly picturesque vision." Eads, as usual, met the opposition with plain, commonsense statements, which should have been most convincing.

The idea of a ship-railway was not original with Eads. He had met with a simpler form of his plan in his travels, and he was, moreover, convinced that

"science could do anything if it had money enough." His plan was to build a twelve-rail track on which monster, double-headed locomotives were to haul a strong, many-wheeled car. The car was to be provided with a huge cradle, into which the ship was to be floated and carefully propped. To guard against straining the ship, all curves were to be managed by the use of turntables. As usual, Eads was willing to stake money on his project, and "preached this new crusade of science with his customary vigor." He converted many to his way of thinking and had several financiers ready to put money into the project, when he fell sick, and his doctors ordered him away to Nassau. He was desperately ill, but he would not give up.

"I shall not die," he said. "I have not finished my work. I want to see great ships pass over the land from ocean to ocean."

His friends, however, knew that it could not be. James B. Eads was dying. He passed from earth on March 8, 1887, not quite sixty-seven years of age.



PETER COOPER

PETER COOPER, THE MAN WITH A NOBLE PURPOSE

One dark night, in the year 1791, a humble hat-maker walked down Broadway, New York, in deepest thought. A baby boy had recently been born to him, and he felt that, somehow, the child was destined to do a great good in the world. He ought, therefore, to have a name somewhat out of the ordinary. What should it be? Suddenly it seemed as though a voice said to him clearly and distinctly: "Call him *Peter!*"*

So the little babe was christened Peter Cooper. As soon as he grew old enough to understand, his parents told him how he had received his name, and the great hopes they had for him. Possibly their faith and desires acted as a stimulus to the boy, for he was studious and thoughtful beyond his years, and his little brown hands were never idle. "He was always doing the small deeds that are the beginning of the great ones."

His father and his grandfather, General John Campbell, had both fought gallantly in the Revolu-

tion, and little Peter never tired of hearing them tell of deeds of valor. No doubt these stories first fired him with the desire to do something useful. He had come into the world on the wings of a new country, as it were. "He was to see a new-born nation grow into strength and greatness. A thousand miracles of progress were to transpire, and the boy was to be a part of it all."

While Peter was still a very small child, his family removed to Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, then an old Dutch village such as one finds in the pages of Washington Irving. There his father built a store and a church. The store was not a very profitable venture, and traveling preachers visited the little church and faithful John Cooper's table so frequently "that what small profit there was seems to have been eaten up by these hungry gentlemen. They were a rather solemn-looking lot; but there was a supreme faith in God and His beneficence in their hearts, and Peter caught some of the good seed they were scattering, and his early sense of religion never left him."*

The Cooper family was a large one. There were six children besides Peter, and the tired, overworked mother often pressed him into service about the house. The lad used cheerfully to cook, wash, make

beds, sweep, or do anything to help along. One of his first useful inventions was a device for washing and pounding soiled clothes. His mother was delighted. She had not yet lost her faith that Peter was a wonder child. If he could do one remarkable thing, he could do another. And so it proved. Peter's next triumph was a pair of shoes! In the eyes of the Coopers there was not a greater hero along the Hudson. One pair of shoes meant shoes for seven Cooper children — an item of great importance in those days!

Finally the time came when Peter was no longer needed at home. He was a bright, hearty lad of seventeen; straight and strong, with a sturdiness which he had inherited from his father. So the youth set out to make his own way in the world. He went to New York, for he felt that in the heart of the rapidly growing city lay his chance to prove there was something in his name of Peter after all.

Shortly after arriving in the city Peter apprenticed himself to John Woodward, a coach-builder, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. For his work he was to receive twenty-five dollars a year and board with his master, who was to teach him the trade of carriage-making.

The life of apprentices in those days was any-

thing but enviable. Their masters often proved hard and treated them little better than brutes. As a class, they had no social standing. There were no night schools, no reading-rooms, no free libraries, no free lectures open to young apprentices and mechanics. The world was barred to them, and the thought stirred young Cooper to his very soul. He had, however, been very fortunate in the choice of a master. Mr. Woodward was most kind and considerate, and his young apprentice repaid him by being both diligent and capable, trying eagerly to learn all about the trade.

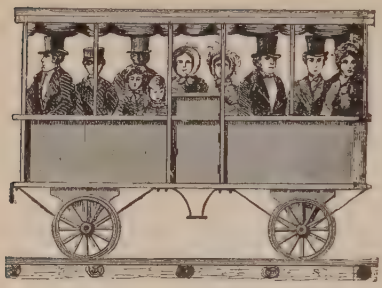
King's College was not far from the coach shop. Young Cooper often paused in his work to watch the sons of the rich run across College Square. They knew things he did not. The best lectures, the best music, the best libraries, the best colleges, were everywhere ready to welcome and aid them. But there was no place for the greasy mechanic and apprentice. More and more the iron of this fact pierced the young man's soul. He determined that he would one day break this "galling yoke of bondage," and found a great school which should be free to the poor and friendless alike. But he formed no definite plan for doing this. He only knew that he must patiently work and strive until

he had, in some way, managed to amass money enough to make himself a power.

So he worked and thought, and grew stronger in his purpose day by day. He made several inventions for the betterment of his trade, among them a contrivance for mortising hubs, which had hitherto been done by hand. Finally the end of his four years of servitude drew nigh. His grateful employer kindly offered to set him up in business. The young inventor did not accept, because, as he said in later life, he feared he might fail and be imprisoned for debt!

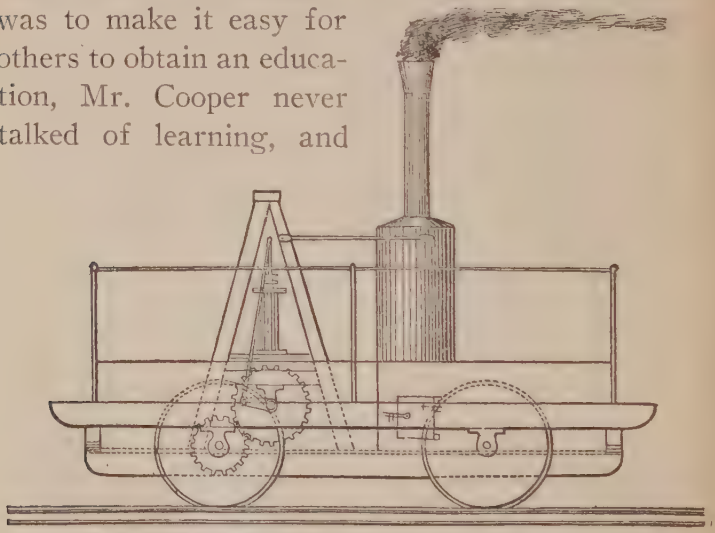
Instead, he went to Hempstead, Long Island, to visit his brother. Here there was a factory which made machines for shearing cloth. Young Cooper worked there for three years, earning nine dollars a week. This was considered an excellent salary in those days, when a dollar would buy about five times what it will now. He lived very carefully and put away a large part of his wages each week. At the end of three years he had saved enough to patent his own device for shearing cloth. The first purchaser of a county-right for the machine was Matthew Vassar of Poughkeepsie, who afterward founded Vassar College for the higher education of women. He paid the young inventor five hun-

dred dollars. This was Cooper's first real start in life, and the foundation of the fortune he hoped one day to win.



RAILROAD COACH IN 1830

The manufacture and sale of the Cooper shearing machine became a prosperous business, and the young inventor was very happy. So he worked and waited; toiling, unaided, up the steep path of learning in the quiet of his own room at night. Though his life purpose was to make it easy for others to obtain an education, Mr. Cooper never talked of learning, and



THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE BUILT IN AMERICA (1829)

MODERN LOCOMOTIVES

seldom made any mention of books, even after he had accomplished his life mission. It is uncertain how much he acquired in his broken studies, but he conversed on many subjects, and his language was always the best.

On December 18, 1813, young Cooper married Sarah Bedell, a charming young lady of Huguenot descent, and set up housekeeping at Hempstead. The union proved a happy one. From the first Mrs. Cooper was in sympathy with her husband's secret purpose, and warmly seconded his efforts. He often lovingly referred to her as his guardian angel. Storm clouds never visited the Cooper home, for the master possessed a sweetness of nature seldom found with the inventive faculty. When he had become a white-haired old patriarch, his face was so stamped with serenity and kindness that one of his biographers says: "Some who saw old Peter Cooper, and studied him at the age of ninety-three, must have thought of the faraway little boy that he once was."

When the march of time and progress sounded the death knell of Cooper's shearing machine, he moved his family to New York and went into the grocery business. The venture was a fair success, but profits were slow, so he bought a glue factory.

Mr. Cooper knew nothing about the manufacture of glue; but he knew what a good glue ought to be, and he made up his mind that he would make the best glue that could possibly be made. Soon shopmen and laborers began to talk of the excellence of Cooper's glue, and there was a ready market for all he could produce.

Gradually hard work, sound, honest business methods, and living always below his means, brought success. His business field widened. He became interested in iron, and made many inventions, not the least of which was a Tom Thumb locomotive, the first railroad locomotive made in America.* His rolling-mills and glue factory gave employment to thousands of men. The name of Peter Cooper was known far and wide. The Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain bestowed on him the Bessemer gold medal. He had become a millionaire! Now, indeed, he was ready for the realization of his purpose, and he knew just what he wanted to do.

Years before he had heard a gentleman who had just returned from Paris describe the school of arts and trades founded in that city by the First Napoleon. He was deeply impressed when told of the hundreds of poor young men who lived on a crust

of bread a day in order to get the benefit of this school, which they could attend without charge. Just such an institution had long existed in vague form in his own brain. He asked many questions, and then and there determined to build an institute which should be dedicated forever "to the union of art and science, and their application to the useful purposes of life."

He looked about at once for a suitable location for such an institution. There was a lot for sale at the junction of Third and Fourth Avenues. Mr. Cooper bought it. At intervals, as he had the money, he added to his purchase until he owned the whole block. Then, in 1854, he laid the foundation of that noble structure, the Cooper Union. The building, which stands today practically unchanged, cost somewhat more than half a million dollars. It has a library of more than twenty thousand volumes, and the best papers and magazines of the world are on its tables. Fifteen hundred persons daily visit the comfortable reading rooms. The great hall, with seating capacity for two thousand people, is thrown open on Saturday nights. Here free lectures are given on a variety of subjects interesting to the working classes.

In its art schools the very best instructors are

COOPER UNION

employed to teach engineering, drafting, drawing, chemistry, natural philosophy, painting, telegraphy, etc. Day and night this great institution, which is maintained at a cost of more than fifty thousand dollars per year, opens wide its doors to all who care to enter. Here hundreds and thousands of poor boys and girls of all classes, creeds, and races have received the benefit of the labors of a little country lad who was himself once a slave of toil and knew the pathos of the cry, "Oh, if I only had an education!"

Probably no happier man ever walked the streets of New York than was Mr. Cooper when he saw his cherished plans in successful operation. It was his delight to drive to the institute daily and witness the earnest students hard at work, making the most of their opportunities. No one was so humble as to be beneath his notice, and many a stranded student from the backwoods received food as well as education at the hands of "Grandpa Cooper."

He was especially interested in poor girls and struggling women who had no means of support. He delighted to bring such to his school, where they might learn how to be self-supporting. It was his creed that there would be fewer broken-hearted women in the world if each one knew some useful

MR. PETER COOPER'S CARRIAGE

occupation which would make her self-supporting and therefore independent. "Too many girls marry for a home," said he. "Too many mothers struggle along trying to keep the breath of life in themselves and their little ones by doing heavy washings for which they are wholly unfit, and which soon bring them to an untimely grave." These ever found his ready aid, and not unfrequently he supported a whole brood while the mother learned some useful and congenial trade.

Every little waif in the streets of New York knew Good Peter Cooper. His name was endeared in countless homes. He was the best loved man in America. Wherever Peter Cooper appeared in his little old-fashioned carriage,* cabmen and carters of every description would respectfully touch their caps and give him the right of way.

And that carriage! It stands today at Cooper Union, in the center of the hall which fronts on the old Bowery road. "It is a funny, old-fashioned affair, made in the time when gentlemen wore broadcloth and nankeens, and ladies rode abroad in wide flowered prints and poke bonnets. There is nothing very remarkable about its appearance." But what an eloquent story it has to tell! Peter Cooper rode in it while at his daily toil of

making a fortune large enough to build Cooper Union! Carriages have been fashioned for many centuries, and men have used them to gratify all the emotions of the human mind; but it is seldom that the owner of a carriage has, through its use, made his name and deeds immortal!

Peter Cooper's great soul passed from the earth on April 4, 1883. On the day that his body was borne down Broadway a so-called miracle occurred. The great noisy avenue was as still and silent as the grave which was soon to hold the loved remains of the people's dearest friend; not a person or a vehicle of any description marred the broad street. It was a beautiful tribute to the quiet, peace-loving, kindly man, whose life was, in such full measure, what a noble life should be!

Peter Cooper made his name immortal. "It will go down the centuries with a bright halo of unfading glory." The secret of his success was in having a noble purpose toward which he bent every energy; never swerving to the right or to the left, but ever pressing on eagerly and hopefully toward the goal. He lived for something. He did good and left behind him a monument of virtue which the storms of time can never destroy.*

NOTES

P. 2. Captain Standish's sword is preserved among the relics in Plymouth Hall.

P. 5. Originally all the land in the territory from what is now Maine to Florida was called Virginia. King James of England created two companies to settle upon this land. The first was called the London Company. It had the right to establish settlements anywhere between thirty-four degrees and forty-one degrees north latitude. The Plymouth Company, as the second band of merchants was called, could place settlements anywhere between the thirty-eighth and forty-fifth degrees. All settlements were to be along the seacoast, and neither company could locate within one hundred miles of the other.

P. 8. *Pilgrims:* This was the name given to them in after years because of their wanderings.

P. 10. By some strange oversight the Pilgrims had forgotten to bring fishing tackle with them from Holland.

P. 12. Squanto died in 1622, much to the sorrow of the Pilgrim colony.

P. 13. *Howitzer:* A small, mortar-like cannon.

P. 22. Nathaniel Bacon was born in Suffolk, England, January 2, 1642.

P. 27. Bacon wished to mount a few cannon he had on the breastworks, but he did not want to risk the lives of his men. He hit upon a novel and ingenious plan to do this. He sent out to the plantations near by of the chief men of the Governor's party and brought their wives and daughters into his camp. He made them sit down on the breastworks while the cannon were being placed. Of course, not a shot was fired by the Governor's party. When the work was finished Bacon courteously thanked his fair and angry foes and permitted them to return home.

P. 28. The place consisted of a church and some sixteen or eighteen widely scattered houses.

P. 31. The following is Washington's reply to the President of Congress, who announced the appointment: "Though I am truly

sensible of the high honor done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desires it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

"But, lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those I doubt not they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

P. 39. A doubloon was a Spanish coin and worth about $15.60 in our money; a pistole was one-quarter of a doubloon.

P. 53. *Hero Stories from American History*, by Blaisdell.

P. 54. Here, in the city of Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed by the Colonial Congress.

P. 56. *Hessians:* So-called because the greater number of them came from the Hessian states in Germany.

P. 62. The battle of Oriskany has been claimed both by Federals and British.

P. 83. The place is still standing, and then, as now, was known as "The Cedars."

P. 86. There was no portrait of Hale extant; but he was described as a well-built young man about six feet tall, with a broad chest, full face, light blue eyes, fair complexion, and light brown hair. By careful study of descriptions given of his appearance Mr. MacMonnies believes he has given a truthful portrait of the young hero.

P. 90. These men were of the Pennsylvania Line. They had been drilled and trained by Wayne himself, and were devotedly attached to their leader.

P. 92. Later he was handsomely rewarded for his services; and

his master was so delighted with his wit and the success with which he led the patriots that he not only gave him a fine horse but his freedom also.

P. 93. Only one man escaped from the fort, a gallant young captain who leaped boldly into the Hudson and swam to the British ship, a mile away. The news of the storming of Stony Point was carried to General Clinton in this way, who affected not to care much about it!

P. 95. General Wayne was a very handsome man, and much given to dress, so much so that he was called a dandy. It always caused him much distress that his troops could not be "clean-shaven, well-powdered, and fully equipped," because he thought a well-dressed soldier had much more respect for himself than a ragged one, and would therefore fight better. His theory may have been all right, but the Continental soldier fought as well in rags as any other way. At any rate, Wayne did what he could in this respect, for he had a barber appointed in each company of his command!

P. 101. In the early days of the Revolution two classes of flags were much in vogue. These were the "pine-tree" flags of New England, and the "rattlesnake" flags, which were more national in character. On the latter the rattlesnake was variously represented on a white ground. Jones' adopted state being Virginia he naturally hoisted the Culpeper flag. The need of a national flag became evident in 1775. The first flag adopted by Congress consisted of thirteen stripes with the British union. On June 14, 1777, Congress ordered the union to be displaced by thirteen stars, thus fixing the form of our national flag. This day—"flag" day—is observed as a national holiday.

P. 108. On one of these occasions, the story is told, that, as he neared the village of Kirkaldy, a few miles below Leith, on the coast of Fife, the inhabitants observed his approach from the church, and knew him at once as "the bold pirate, Paul Jones," whom every heart held in fear. The parson and his flock immediately deserted the church and gathered on the beach. Here the Reverend Shirra offered the following very remarkable prayer:

"Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folks o' Kirkaldy? Ye ken that they are puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaus, he'll be here in a jiffy, a wha kens what he may do? He's nae

too good for onything. He'll burn their hooses, take their very claes, and strip them to the very sark. And woes me, wha kens but that the bloody villain might tak' their lives. The puir weemin are most frightened out of their wits, and their bairns screeching after them. I canna think of it! I hae long been a faithful servant to ye, O Lord. But gin ye dinna turn the wind aboot and blow the scoundrel oot of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot, but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak' your will o't."

Never was a prayer more promptly answered. "In a jiffy" the wind changed and Kirkaldy was saved. But other ports were not so fortunate. Many merchant ships fell into Paul Jones's hands, and the greatest excitement and alarm was felt all along the coast, for none knew at what moment he might appear.

P. 115. Seawell's *Twelve Naval Captains.*

P. 118. In 1815, Napoleon, musing gloomily over the defeat of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar, asked Marshal Berthier: "How old was Paul Jones when he died?" Berthier replied that he thought he was about forty-five years old. "Then," said Napoleon, "he did not fulfill his destiny. Had he lived to this time France might have had an admiral."

P. 127. The fame of Boone's exploits traveled beyond his own country over to Europe, and Lord Byron so admired the sturdy backwoodsman that he eulogized him in one of his greatest poems.

P. 132. In those days no provision was made in the Assembly for spectators. There was no gallery from which they could look down upon the contestants.—*Ellis.*

P. 137. This illustration shows Jefferson reading the draft of the Declaration to the other members of the committee.

P. 139. In May and June of 1776 Mr. Jefferson rented the second floor of this house, which stood at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets (now 700 Market Street). Here the Declaration of Independence was written. The house was demolished, and its side is now included in the Penn National Bank building. The black upright lines define the house.

P. 142. Mr. Jefferson's daughter Martha, her husband and children, and the children of his daughter Mary, who died in 1804, made his last days pleasant indeed.

P. 146. Just one hundred years before (1707) a Dr. Papin, who had made a number of inventions for the use of steam, made

a steamboat somewhat similar to Fulton's, which he ran on the Fulda River in Hesse Cassel, Germany. He was confident his boat would be a success; but the men who had water-craft thought their business was endangered and dragged his boat from the water and destroyed it. He went to London, but met with no better success there. Disheartened he returned to France, his native country, where he devoted his time to other experiments in steam. It remained for Fulton to succeed a century later.

P. 167. *McMaster's School History.*

P. 170. Andrew Jackson was born on the border of North and South Carolina, March 15, 1767. He began his military career at Hanging Rock at thirteen.

P. 173. Red Eagle was among those who escaped. The whites sought him on every hand, determined to end his life. But he had disappeared. One day, to the astonishment of all, he came riding fearlessly into camp, and begged Jackson to send aid to the Indian women and children who were starving in the forest. Cries of "Kill him! Kill him!" rose on every hand. But Jackson would not permit it. He drew his pistol and himself stood guard over the red chief. "For shame, men!" he cried. "He who would shoot this brave, defenseless man would rob the dead!"

P. 178. *Redoubt:* A small fort or defensive outwork.

P. 180. *Hero Stories from American History.*

P. 185. This was twelve years before the election of Harrison.

P. 202. *Yawl:* A ship's small boat, usually rowed by four or six oars.

P. 203. *Midshipman:* An officer of the lowest rank on a ship of war.

P. 205. *Essex:* For a description of this unique ship, read Freble's *Ships of the Nineteenth Century.*

P. 210. *Tariff:* A charge or duty imposed by the government on goods shipped out of or into our country.

P. 212. *Flotilla:* A fleet of small vessels especially designed for throwing bombs.

P. 214. *Ram:* An engine of war used for butting and battering.

P. 216. That contained in *David G. Farragut,* by Spears, is most concise and interesting, and one of the best extant. *The Southerners,* by Cyrus Townsend Brady, contains some graphic descriptions. Read, also, Parker's *The Battle of Mobile Bay.*

P. 221. James B. Eads was born in Lawrenceburg, Ind., May 23, 1820.

P. 230. *James B. Eads,* by How.

P. 232. During the building of the bridge he was obliged to spend many months in Europe for his health's sake. He left trustworthy engineers in charge, and continually kept in touch with the work, planning and directing. While abroad, he picked up many ideas which were of use to him in perfecting his plans.

P. 232. Jetties are simply dikes or levees laid under water and act as banks to a river to prevent the expansion and diffusion of its waters as they enter the sea. The Eads jetties are one of the most brilliant achievements of modern engineering. They were formed of layers of brush mattresses ranging from 95 to 35 feet wide and each weighted with broken stone.

P. 236. In connection with this fact it must be remembered that Eads had not the school training of an engineer. He knew nothing of the higher mathematics which enabled his rivals to figure out problems, but his quick mind jumped to conclusions which were lightning-like in truth and accuracy.

P. 241. Concerning his name someone has said he was to be called "Peter" because he was the "rock on which the family was to be built."

P. 242. *Lives of Great Philanthropists,* by Coote.

P. 249. Mr. Cooper designed this locomotive to go *around curves,* because the English locomotives could go only on a *straight track.* This locomotive was built in 1829 for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and ran from Baltimore to Ellicott Mills, a distance of thirteen miles.

P. 254. The body of this old carriage of Peter Cooper stands in the rotunda of Cooper Union. It bears this inscription:

"Body of carriage owned by Mr. Peter Cooper, in which he drove himself to business every day and around New York.

"It was sent to be repaired, but was partly destroyed by fire while in the shop.

"Presented to the Cooper Union by Mrs. A. S. Hewitt."

The picture for this illustration was taken especially for this book.

P. 255. Dr. Chalmers.